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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ON PURE RESEARCH

10/20/64

Dear Mrs. McCoy:

As a graduate student of the El Gordo Institute of California, I have been assigned a lengthy and comprehensive research paper on the architect Bernard Maybeck. I must include in this paper as many pictures and resources as possible, but have been able to find only a few good resources, one of which is your book. I am writing in hopes that you might have some further information and pictures.

Sincerely, Miss Kobe Burns

10/26/64

Dear Miss Burns:

... as for pictures, why don't you take a camera with you when you go to look at Maybeck's work?

Sincerely, Esther McCoy

11/8/64

Dear Mrs. McCoy:

My primary interest is pure research, so I am confining myself to things written about Maybeck. Will you please send me names and addresses of owners of Maybeck houses who have old magazines in which their houses have been published?

Also, do you happen to have an old copy of your book you wouldn't mind having cut up?

Sincerely, Miss Kobe Burns

1/10/65

Dear Mrs. McCoy:

I am a graduate student at the Multiversity of California at San Andreas, and I am doing a lengthy and comprehensive research paper on the architect Irving Gill. After you completed your book, you undoubtedly had some leftover research. Would you mind sending this to me, and also photographs of Gill's houses or buildings.

Thank you in advance, Gege Warmbrot

1/20/65

Dear Miss Warmbrot:

I enclose the addresses of five important buildings of Gill's in your area, and suggest that these could be of more real help to you in your paper than odds and ends of research done by someone else, etc. etc.

Sincerely, Esther McCoy

1/30/65

Dear Mrs. McCoy:

My major is sociology and I am taking this course only to broaden my knowledge of the arts, so for this reason I cannot take the time for field research. Have you written any short articles on Gill? I ask because they are easier to work with on the whole than books. My time is limited, as you may imagine.

Sincerely, Gege Warmbrot

4/15/65

Dear Mrs. McCoy:

I am a graduate student at Magnifico University at Santa Barbara, and I am doing a lengthy and comprehensive research paper on the architect R. M. Schindler. I expect to be in town tomorrow at 10 A.M. and would appreciate it if you would give me access to your Schindler files. Do you happen to have a Zerox machine on which I could make copies of material I believe to be pertinent to my particular field of ... etc. etc.

Sincerely, (Mr.) Terry Gotsherd

6/22/65

Dear Mrs. McCoy:

I have seen all of Maybeck's buildings except the ones listed below. I enclose a map and self-addressed envelope and would be grateful if you would locate the buildings on the map for me.

Sincerely, W. W. Harwood

6/26/65

Dear Mr. Harwood:

Here you are ... Are you an architectural student from the east?

Sincerely, Esther McCoy

6/28/65

Dear Mrs. McCoy:

I am a high school student, 14 years of age. I expect to go to the University of California at Berkeley where, my faculty advisor assures me, there are excellent library facilities and I can begin serious work on a long comprehensive book on Maybeck.

Sincerely, W. W. Harwood

Dear Sir,

I have spent some time in and around the *New Zurich High Rise* (shown in the September issue) and I feel this building has but one virtue (an enormous one) and this is now the victim of a double cross. Imagine walking along a street and suddenly finding a huge cement flange blooming above you from the sides of a typically hideous modern-downtown-multicell-ratcage. The entire perimeter of the flange has cement awnings which curl back at the building, in the spaces between the awnings' supports shrubbery is planted in deep cement troughs. (The shrubs are not the only greenery for the entire flange is lifted among the leafy tops of the surrounding trees.) This calm platform sucks at the pedestrian standing on the noisy streets below. On the ground among the building's supporting columns you can't help feeling like a dog who must stay on the floor with the table legs while the meal is on top. I was sure this beautiful structure must be the terrace of an outdoor cafe. I searched for a way up but found no stairs. In the back I finally spotted the spiral automobile ramp and felt the mixture of respect, awe and disgust which the investigator feels on finding out the particulars of a brilliant criminal's latest job. The cars had got it!

Stephen Baer

1500 Fruit Ave., N.W.

Albuquerque, New Mexico

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arts & architecture

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Cover: Detail of Sculpture by Kengiro Azuma (see page 26). Photo by Dan Zimbaldi.

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art

DORE ASHTON

HERE AND THERE

If you've been hearing a lot about the art "scene" and are not quite sure what it all means, your best recourse is to turn to *Vogue* magazine. Here, everybody who is anybody eventually turns up, either writing articles, being written about, or serving as modest backgrounds for models sporting the latest fashions inspired by the latest art. My view of the art world has been inestimably broadened by a gift subscription to *Vogue*. For instance, I learned that the opening of Robert Motherwell's exhibition, which I had attended, was a "radiant family-of-art party" and that that family—my own, presumably—included Governor and Mrs. Rockefeller.

On the very next page, I discovered that I had missed another family party, "one of a spate of museum benefit parties across the country that celebrated 'The Agony and the Ecstasy,' a spectacular film centered on Michelangelo painting the Sistine Chapel." This party took place in the great halls of the Metropolitan Museum and had thirteen hundred guests, among which *Vogue* noted several lords and ladies. I feel awful to have missed that one. It isn't every day that you can celebrate a Hollywood movie amongst peers of the realm.

In the November issue, I was permitted a private view of the "superb new book by Robertson/Russell/Snowden, 'Private View.'" This book, they tell me, is "spirited, different, fascinating." It is by Lord Snowden and "two other members of the power group in British art—Bryan Robertson, a pathfinder who directs the Whitechapel Gallery, and John Russell of the London *Sunday Times*, a scholarly, amusing and forthright art critic, perhaps the most important in Britain."

Armed with all this advance information, and appropriate adjectives to assess it, I feel I am really onto something. I look at the ten pages of Lord Snowden's gauzy photographs without feeling that I have really grasped the essence until—surprise, surprise—I come upon an article by John Russell about the "adventure of making 'Private View.'" Now I am alert. Perhaps the most important art critic in Great Britain is about to tell me the inside story. Unabashedly he informs me that this book is a new kind of book about a new kind of situation. Never, he says, has the British art scene been taken apart, "piece by relevant piece and put together again as it has in 'Private View,' a book that is different altogether from the 'authorized monograph.'" This "never, but never," approach sounds familiar. Did I overhear it at the other party, the one for *The Agony and the Ecstasy*?

The scene becomes hard to follow but Russell charges on. He whisks me through galleries, dealers' offices, and places where the notice PRIVATE really means what it says. He tells me about an international breakthrough (one of my very favorite Voguish art-world

terms) and informs me that "above all, the artists matter."

Naturally, he is not going to tell me much more because there is, after all, that book to be sold. But I have learned enough, touched enough of the London art scene to get the picture. It is a very democratic picture in which Lord Snowden is treated as fairly as Eduardo Paolozzi, (a sculptor whose Italian immigrant father was an ice-cream vendor in Scotland) and in which Russell and Robertson themselves are bathed in all waters. Isn't it all terribly jolly that at last the barriers are down?

But I am not quite satisfied with this introduction to the London art scene. To go a little deeper, I must make my way to the Marlborough Gallery where "The English Eye" was recently inaugurated by the Princess and the ubiquitous Lord Snowden.

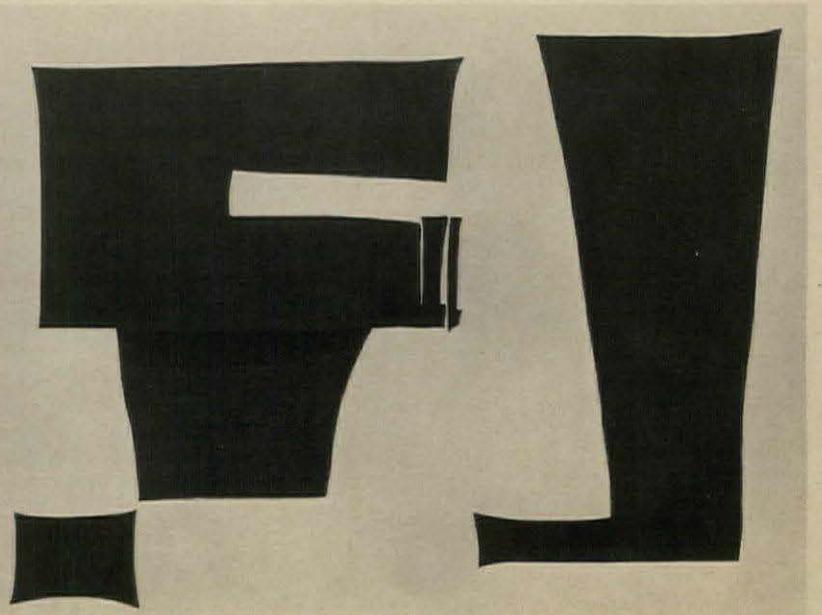
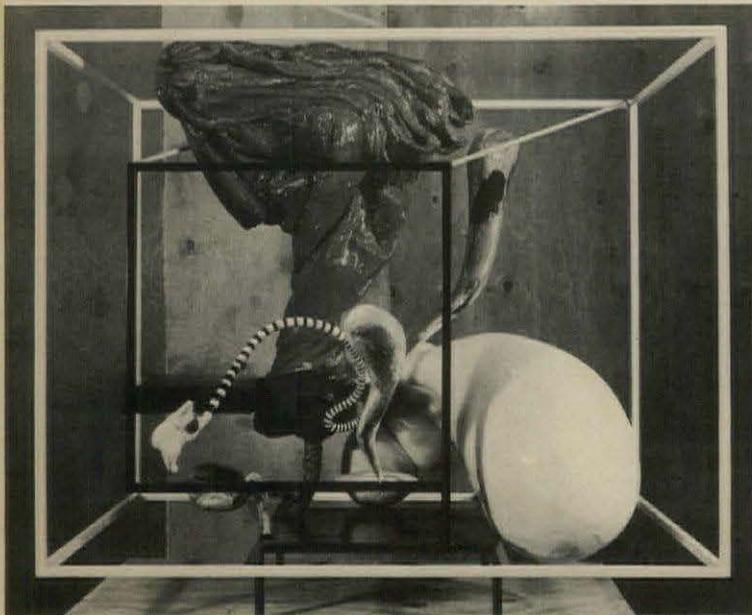
The English Eye, we are informed a bit peevishly by Bryan Robertson (he also has really been covering the scene) is intended to fill in a gap left by the indifference of New York's museum curators to the English breakthrough. While England has been presenting American art with loving enthusiasm for twelve years, America has been derelict in its duty to do the same for England. Therefore, "The English Eye" must serve to bring us up to date.

This exhibition, then, was compiled by Robertson and Robert Melville in order to set matters right. Needless to say, their elaborate, and I must say eloquent, dialogue serving as an introduction to the catalogue is pitched differently from Mr. Russell's in *Vogue*. There is a tone of pride but it is an educated pride, quick to head off criticism by stating at the outset that, in Robertson's words, "nationalism is a deadly bore to us all."

Two such civilized men would never indulge in adjectival bombast. Yet, there can be no question but that both Mr. Robertson and Mr. Melville have accepted the notion of the breakthrough, and don't mind seeing their art in terms of a "scene." It is not particularly the London scene which governs their observations, but rather, the international scene in which certain components, thanks to the vast interest modern art has generated in the press, appear with planned regularity. It is a scene divided up between personalities such as Bryan Robertson and Clement Greenberg, a scene very well designed, forcefully presented, and with a certain amount of verisimilitude. As Robertson points out in his dialogue, he is getting increasingly dissatisfied with art in a vacuum and is trying to relate art to life and vice versa.

Personally, I think the vice versa is getting us all down.

In any case, the scene as it appears in *The English Eye* is, as the authors concede, hardly complete. No large exhibition ever is, but I wonder what behind-the-scene decisions were required to leave out so eminent a middle-generation figure as Paolozzi while including a pale painter such as Selma Hulbert, and why the organizers could include Kitaj who is an American living in England and omit Peter Stroud who is British but living in America. Which "scene" are they talking about?



I am carping. But I really am grateful that The English Eye is not complete and that two obviously different views are brought to bear on recent English history. Otherwise, I would not have had the pleasure of seeing the new work of the old surrealist Edward Burra, whose inflection in brilliant recent flower studies is still surrealist, but also, unmistakably personal. Or I might not have seen the work of Merlyn Evans who is an extremely sensitive, reserved and impressive painter exploring the realms of black and white.

Of course, the chief information to be gotten from this exhibition concerns the youngest generation who have never had a hearing in the United States. While I know Moore, Hepworth, Nicholson, Bacon and Sutherland as well—or almost as well—as I know Americans of their generation, I am not well versed in what I suppose Robertson regards as the breakthrough generation.

Among these I was most impressed with a high-spirited young sculptor, Roland Piché.

His vocabulary derives from an honored modern tradition in England, the surrealist tradition. His interest in what Breton called biomorphic form is acute, and his dependence on suggestion rather than description is classically surrealist. For instance, in a sculpture cast in fiberglass in an edition of three, Piché composes several turgid entrail-like shapes around an invisible axis from which springs an ambiguous, topheavy shape that suggests matted hair, tightly massed drapery, or any "thing" which is somehow opposite to the smooth-walled tumescence of the biomorphic underpinnings. These are all composed within a rectangular armature called a "room" and, in good surrealist terms, threaten to burst beyond its confines. In fact, in a large and I thought very effective piece called "Deposition," the suggestive forms do transcend the boundaries.

Piché's language is international, it's true, but I found his usage precise and affecting. Like many American young sculptors, Piché has thrown out all previous sculpture conventions, more particularly, the object on a base. Like them he is not too much concerned with how his phrases scan, but uses shapes and colors with daring dissonantal bravura. He likes bright shiny colors, but they are not—as they are in so many West Coast sculptures—used to cover up an essential lack of form. On the contrary, Piché's colors work as enhancing stresses on the lines and masses of his sculptures.

I would like to know more about his technique which seems to permit him great liberties in terms of casting (one of his pieces is in an edition of six). The lightness of fiberglass invites large conceptions and encourages fantasy. This is apparent also in the single work exhibited by Philip King—an immense and rather ornamental sculpture living up, at least in ornament to its title: "Genghis Khan."

As for the other young sculptors, all of whom work with the new conventions and would not be caught dead using a base, I didn't find their experiments that much different from our own. Interesting, yes, but experiments after all.

Speaking of The English Eye reminds me that one of the exhibitors, Henry Moore, recently ran the gauntlet of American chauvinism when his sculpture for the Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theatre was criticized. Or so it would appear in a special press release by William Schuman, president of Lincoln Center, in which he said: "It would be an insult to American artists to commission them or to buy their works merely because they are Americans. Our artists are among the best in the world and have no need of the protectionism that would be afforded by a narrow, chauvinistic, artistic tariff against foreign artists."

Mr. Schuman was moved to this brave statement by the presence of a single picket when the theater was opened. I guess he was not quite sure that the American scene was still the greatest what with all this British propaganda.

The New York scene is currently illuminated by what I hesitate to call a superb exhibition because *Vogue* has used that word all up. Yet the School of Paris exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art is superb, in the very first sense of that word. For once the Museum has restrained its impulse to hit the man off the street with everything it has.

The paintings from the Florene May Schoenborn and Samuel A. Marx Collection are installed in the ground floor galleries with stately simplicity. Large spaces are left between the paintings—a very rare event at the Museum—and the walls are simply white.

It makes little sense to rattle off the titles of this incredible horde of twentieth-century masterpieces. Happily, some of the most impressive exhibits are either already in the Museum's permanent collection, or will eventually be there. Above all, Matisse. In all the world at the moment there are probably not as many thrilling Matisse's as there are on West Fifty-Third Street.

I suppose many a visitor was as stunned as I was by the apparition of "Woman on a High Stool" of 1913-1914. Somewhat familiar, because she is later seen in "The Piano Lesson," a painting that has hung at the museum ever since I can remember, this particular woman startled me anyway. She perches with tremendous iconic presence on her cathedra. More than that, she lives in a warm gray environment about which Matisse leaves no doubt: it is an infinity. He deliberately rounds his strokes, and overstrokes the molding of the backboard of the floor so that she is seen in a cocoon of infinite air. Here, as in all the paintings between 1909 roughly and 1916, Matisse adumbrates the peculiar spaces which can no longer be confined to rooms or settings. His several allusions to aviators traversing the sky in his writings clearly spell out his spatial intentions, but never so movingly as the paintings.

Of the Picassos from several periods, many of them important, the Légers, the Mirós and the marvelous Bonnard, there is nothing said about ultimate destiny. It is to be hoped that eventually they too will join the Matisse collection at the Museum.



Left to right:

Roland Piché
"Portrait in a Room"
fiberglass, 32x26x29"

Merlyn Evans
"Composition No. 2" 1962-3
oil on canvas, 56x80"

Edward Burra
"Mixed Flowers"
watercolor, 53x31"

Courtesy Marlborough Gallery

Henri Matisse
"Woman on a High Stool" 1913-14
Oil on canvas, 58x38"
Photo by Peter A. Juley & Son

Henri Matisse
"Goldfish" 1915-16
Oil on canvas, 58x44"

Courtesy The Museum of Modern Art



I run, jump, sing, shout, scribble, scuff, study...and grow

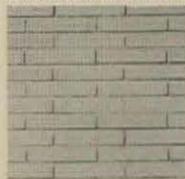
Who expects kids to be clean, dignified and quiet? Parents maybe. But school planners have to be practical. That's why so many schools (like the new Douglas A. Newcomb Elementary school in Long Beach, California) are built inside and out with Facebrick. It fits the function. Choir practice doesn't drown out geography class. Heel scrapes and pencil doodles don't mar walls. And earthen-toned Facebrick interiors are the next best thing to being outdoors.

A school built of Facebrick will be around a long time—saving maintenance money every year. And, years from now, when kids grow up, they will still be proud to say: that's where I went to school. Wouldn't you be proud to build a school like that?

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It's time to register a cautious word of praise in behalf of the American Institute of Architects. You can't keep a boat from rocking in a maelstrom, and the AIA, long vulnerable to criticism for being primarily concerned with relating a sympathetic professional image to the public, is astir. It is indicating by word, and even deed, that it recognizes a larger purpose and would like to take an active hand in dealing with the present and future. And none to soon—both are gnawing at the city.

However, there are problems at the core of the AIA which will have to be resolved before it can become the kind of effective, hard-edged force that a growing number of its members would like it to be. Outrageous urban planning and design decisions continue to be made in mournful numbers because there is no counterpressure as strong or persuasive as that directed on public officials by real estate and other short-range business interests. The AIA is a body of professionals ideally suited to provide such counterpressure, but as now constituted it is impossible for it to take strong unequivocal public stands even on questions of purely architectural concern.

One reason for the AIA's weak line is that no field of human activity has more opposing schools, groups, divisions and subdivisions of theory and practice than does architecture. And the AIA leadership, because of its quasi-electoral system, feels a responsibility when making official statements to speak for—or at least avoid offending—as many of its members as possible. Declarations which offend no one have to be innocuous generalities, and the fine sentiments eloquently expressed by AIA spokesmen when analyzed turn out to be mere restatements of the problems rather than substantive contributions to their solution.

Still more crippling is the fact that individual members and even whole chapters can disregard with sublime inconsistency the most specific of decrees issued by the AIA. For example, the Southern California Chapter has long been concerned with the brutal cut and fill method of hillside destruction habitually used by developers in the Los Angeles area. It has just issued the latest of a number of stirring calls for "intelligent development of hillside property." Yet an international architectural competition undertaken to promote the sale of property in one of the most ruthless tract developments ever to devastate a Los Angeles hillside was held under the auspices of the AIA. The local chapter provided a professional advisor (who, to his great credit, renounced his connection with the project), a juror and presumably other aid and comfort.

Another example: a current smoldering issue—still in doubt—concerns the proposed construction

of a convention center which would take 63 acres of Elysian Park, one of Los Angeles' finest. The same chapter, following the national line and a local study, has just recommended that existing parks and open spaces be preserved and, in light of population growth estimates, that city and county governments begin acquiring and reserving great quantities of additional land for parks. A citizens' committee opposing the convention center has a number of AIA members on its board. Yet, again, the chapter sees nothing anomalous in the fact that one of its most prominent members is busily engaged in the design of the convention center—for the park site.

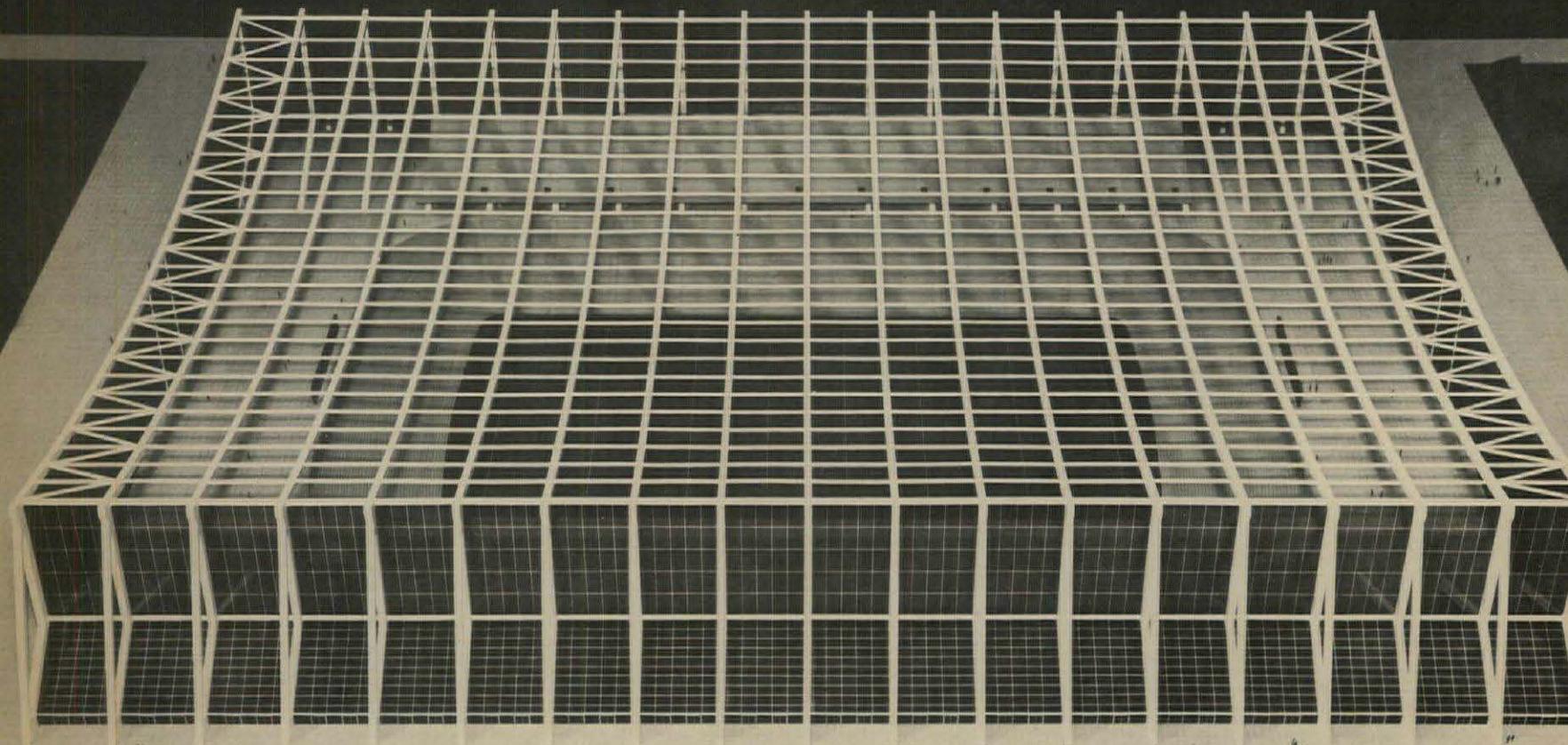
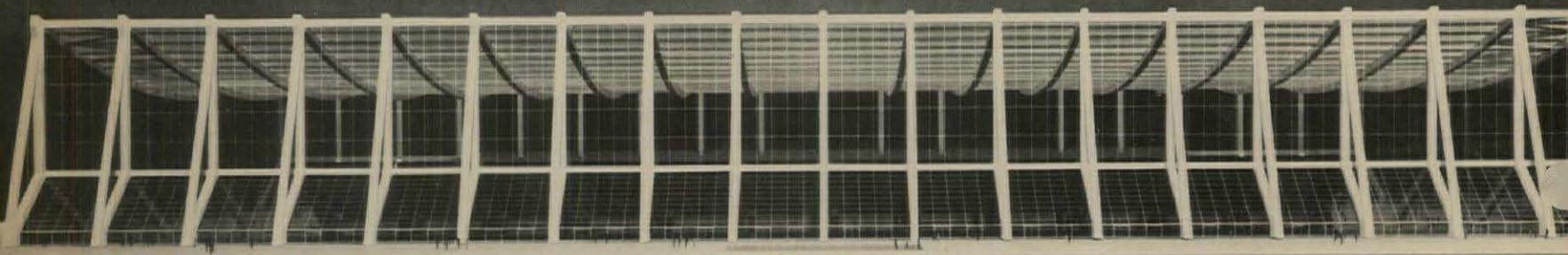
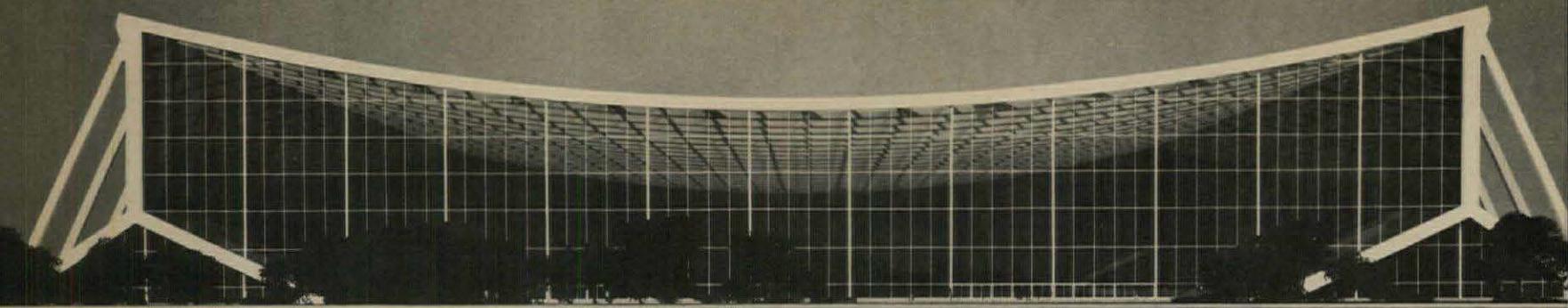
Putting aside the weakness in moral position caused by this kind of double-think, at the practical level it further confuses a public already bewildered by the absolute lack of agreement on specific issues of urban planning and redevelopment. It also plays into the hands of the exploiters, the opponents of a planned environment, who are experts at the double-think game. Having an AIA member's name on a project cancels out AIA opposition. Groups fighting for a better urban environment who lean too heavily on AIA dicta for support find their cause sinking without a trace.

Even general policy statements by the AIA were unheard of a few years ago, however, and if progress is slow it is at least perceptible. A collective social consciousness means a sense of duty and service at the top and is the first step towards development of a real and active sense of responsibility in the individual. In the case of the AIA, the process might be hastened if members designing projects which conflicted with the AIA's own announced policy were required to omit the letters "AIA" from after their names wherever connected to the project. Not projects in which the architect believed *in good faith* that the official policy did not apply but cases like the above where there is clear violation of agreed principles of sound urban design. If nothing else, even such a feeble form of censuring as this would give a measure of strength to the AIA's position which is now vitiated by the actions of its own membership.

Further, the institute's leadership should be given or should assume the power to make decisions, initiate meaningful action, take unequivocal stands—not against vague and unnamed sins, but against the actions and forces that are destroying our cities. It would do much to clear up what is now a fuzzy professional image. The public would no longer have to ask what the letters "AIA" stand for. More important, those concerned with the future of architecture and the city would no longer have to ask what the AIA stands for.

Happy New Year . . .

—D.T.



SPORTS ARENA

BY PETER DOYLE, ARCHITECT

ected site for this sports arena is about three miles from the center of
ublin, Ireland, and is readily accessible by both public transport and private
Accommodation is provided 65,000 spectators with a field that is cap-
e of being used for all types of football.

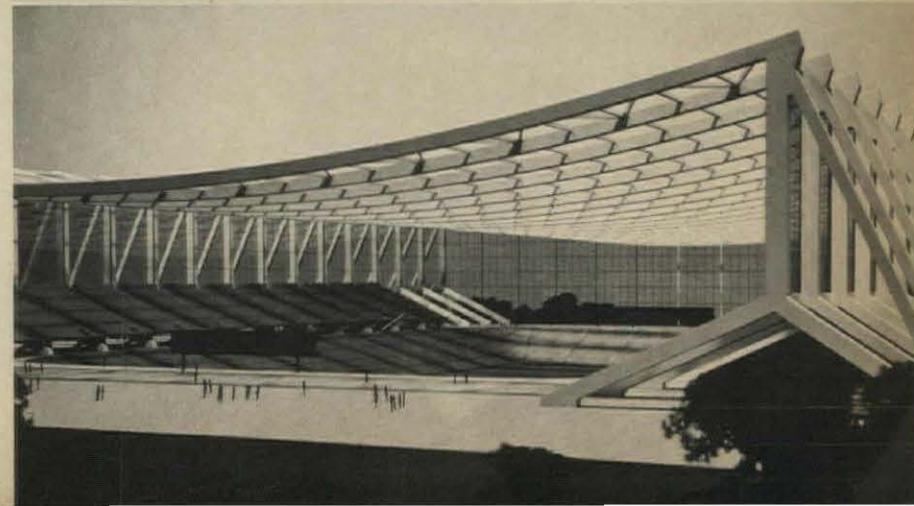
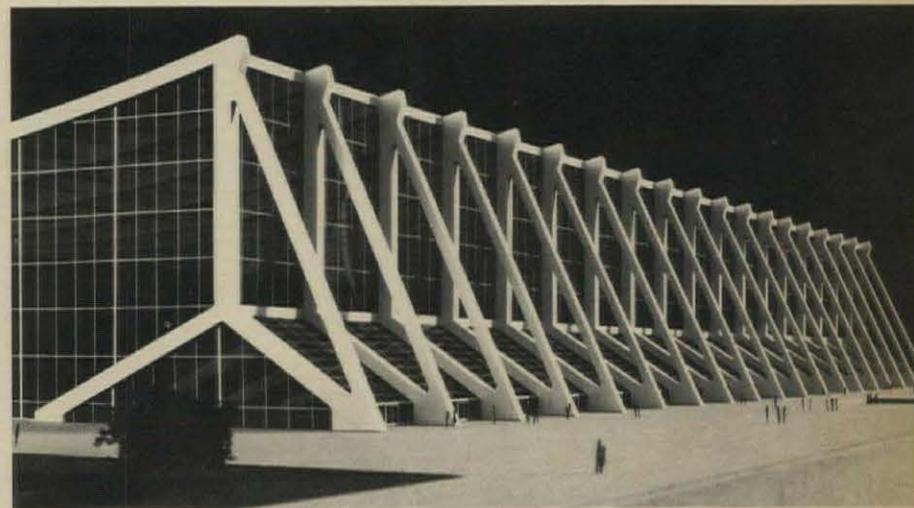
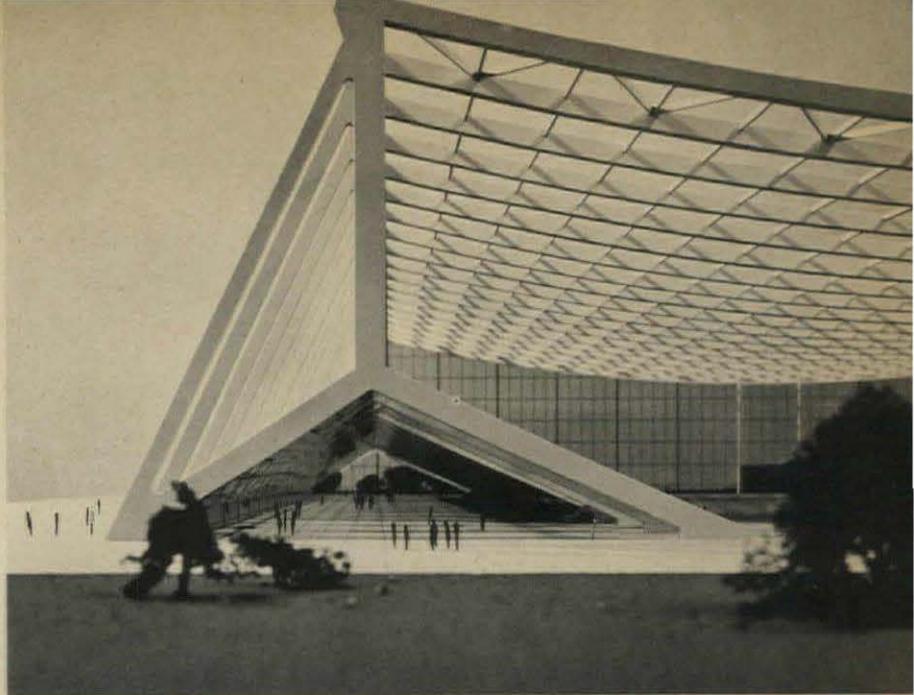
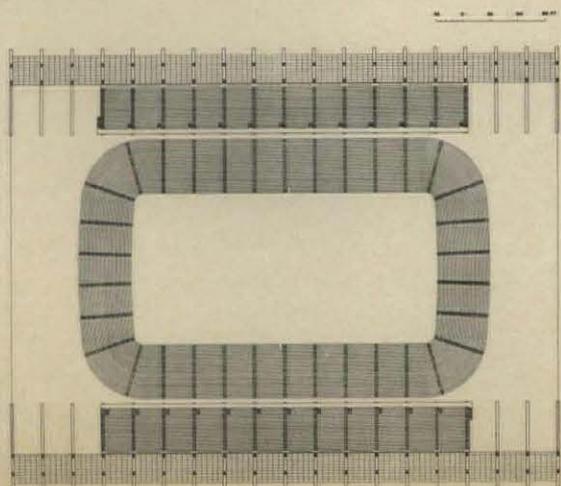
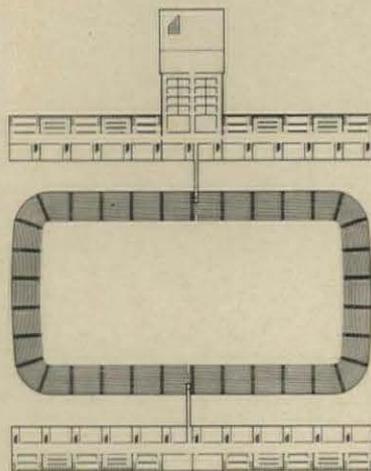
structure is of the suspension type using high tensile steel cables spanning
0 feet. The roof consists of 19 main catenary beams composed of 24
les $1\frac{11}{16}$ " in diameter. These cables are enclosed by paired "U" shaped
cast concrete members six feet deep and 27'6" long, grouted together to
m a continuous hollow beam. Post-tensioning of the beam cables is carried
in stages so that the hollow concrete beams have compressive stresses
der all loading conditions, thus giving the roof the necessary stiffness in
vertical plane. The secondary members of the roof are prestressed con-
crete "T" beams spaced 27'6" center to center.

the supports are cast in place reinforced concrete frames, with a height from
ound level to the apex of 130'. The vertical load of the roof is taken
marily in the main vertical compressive members, the horizontal load
ng taken by both the vertical compressive members and the inclined tension
mbers each of which contains 50 cables with similar properties as those
the roof. In order to reduce the overturning moment thus created, the
tical compressive forces are resolved into two inclined compression mem-
s one of which carries the upper seat-decking, the other the window wall.
the forces are resolved above the caissons by means of a tension member
ated below ground level and containing 60 high tensile steel cables. By
ans of vertical and inclined caissons, horizontal and vertical forces are
ried down to bed rock.

the arena is fully air-conditioned by a system which provides change of air
at a limited area above spectators heads and allows the bulk of the upper
closed air to be replenished by natural movement; exhaust being provided
ventilators in the roof. Conditioned air from mechanical rooms at lower
ound floor level is carried up the underside of the seat deck and thrown
om units situated at the rear of the upper deck. Return grilles are located
the vertical face of the seat-decking.

ilets, mechanical rooms and administrative offices are at lower ground floor
el and reached by frequent staircases from the side galleries.

*This project was undertaken as part of the graduate program in Architec-
e at the Illinois Institute of Technology, Chicago, under the direction of
fessor Myron Goldsmith.)*



IN SEARCH OF THEORY VI BY GREGORY AIN

Head, Department of Architecture, The Pennsylvania State University

This colloquy, *In Search of Theory*, is now well into its third year, gaining momentum, and promising to embrace the entire range of contemporary human interests and activities. The last two contributions, from the areas of law and psychology, typify the innumerable interdisciplinary cross-pollinations that increasingly enrich (and complicate) the practice and the teaching of architecture.

We are understandably eager to acknowledge, identify, and investigate every factor that might be relevant. But if we employ no planned pattern of sequence, we may be submerged in a golden avalanche of essential but for the moment unassimilable literature. These contributions in parallel disciplines should be recognized for their inestimable value, but should not wholly displace the immediate inspection of a centrally critical problem. With undiminished appreciation of all participants in this symposium, I urge that we pause just long enough to redefine an immediate and attainable objective.

Let us recall Dean Hurst's opening paper of June, 1963, in which he cited the "urgent need . . . to bring some order to the chaotic diversity of contemporary philosophy and practice." He continued: "seduced by a rampant individualism . . . our respected 'form givers' are driven by compulsive expressionism." Almost every thoughtful and informed observer will concur in Hurst's assessment of the present state of architecture. The situation is undeniably an unhappy one, and the urgency is very real indeed. How can it be improved?

Of course we all agree that admonition and exhortation are not likely to move the Form Givers. Nor can we, soberly, expect the architects at large to put aside their pressing professional commitments, in order to reevaluate the philosophic basis of their work. The architectural press will continue zealously to present all the architectural news, without omission of the frivolous or sensational. And even if some intellectual aesthetes were interested, this issue will not be revolved with their moral support alone. Whom can we reach at all? Whom *must* we reach, to persuade of the overwhelming need of a complete renaissance of architectural philosophy? The answer is too obvious: the students — those young men and women, enthusiastic, curious, idealistic, who want to find a meaningful life as well as to make a living in architecture. These young people will not all have to be coerced into consideration of a living program. Many are ready for it. Many want to assume some adult responsibility, to make a

positive contribution to their society. There are many among the students who believe that they can change the world, and only the cynicism of half-wisdom will deter them.

But we dare waste no time if we hope to involve their interest: they do not constitute a static, waiting body. At the rate of about 2,000 per year, architectural students graduate from American colleges and universities to enter directly into their professional internship. Thus during the brief period of this very colloquy, approximately 4,000 potential active proponents of a more healthy architecture have already been lost to this cause. Nor are they merely neutralized. They have become probable passive opponents of change, just by their identification with a body whose inertia, like the inertia of every other body, is proportional to its mass.

The remedy we seek, whether or not we call it theory, will be mainly for the service of the students. What convincing and animating lesson can we hope to teach them with it? Will the lesson be based upon an illuminating new subject yet to be added to the academic program? For however excellent the typical curriculum may be, it can always be improved. And yet it is clear that what we lack will not be found in any textbook. The void is not intellectual or practical, but moral and aesthetic. We'll have to place the heart before the course.

By what solemn ceremony can we exorcise "rampant individualism" and "compulsive expressionism"? These lamentable attributes, admittedly prevalent to the saturation point, are not self-generated evils. More embarrassing than harmful, they are only the surface symptoms of a cultural malaise, a widespread emotional privation. As a matter of fact, these symptoms may be the manifestation, among adults, of almost the same problem that juvenile delinquency is said to represent among urban adolescents. Flamboyant self-assertion reveals a human need for individual recognition in a highly competitive world, which offers too little encouragement to prove one's personal worth in inconspicuous service to one's society. Modest virtue is no longer (if it ever was) accepted as its own reward. We all crave reassurance of our importance. Where no really inspiring challenge exists, we tend to improvise an artificial one.

Here we have the germ, if not of a viable theory, at least of a basis for more productive architectural education. Dean John Burchard and Dean

Joseph Passonneau have intimated as much. Dean Burchard said that our first need is purpose — we agree. Action without purpose leads to nothing but rampant individualism. Burchard added that architects cannot create purpose all by themselves. But is that really consequential? A purpose already exists, explicitly proclaimed on every continent, and in itself symbolic of architecture: build a more beautiful world. Dean Passonneau deplored the design problem that makes no room for eloquence. I agree again. But real eloquence is possible only when there is a stirring theme — something to be eloquent about. Eloquence without purpose results only in compulsive expressionism.

How can purpose be made a factor in architectural education? That should not even be attempted. The purpose itself comes first. Great architecture is a means to a greater end. The most creative epochs recorded in history were those in which a grand goal was widely shared, and was pursued devotedly in common action. Every one contributed his best effort to the attainment of that goal. That is the central theme of Athens and of Chartres. And it is worth remembering that in these wonderful periods, as in the great eras of Asian history and in the Renaissance, the most expressive of the arts was architecture. When architecture embodied a noble end it took upon itself equal nobility. It provided a visual symbol of the emotional forces that motivated a culture.

Never has the entire world reverberated as it does today with an almost unanimous declaration of great purpose. Even in the conflicts that divide mankind, there is a unity of goal probably never before seen on earth. All the peoples of all the world simultaneously demand and strive for the good life that is now becoming possible for all. In our own country, steps have been taken in a few short years that presage greater progress towards human dignity and well being than we had witnessed in almost all of the preceding century. Can we fail to recognize this unprecedented ubiquity of purpose? It is no mere sentimentality to think of making all of earth a paradise. Athens and Chartres were impelled by exalted motivations. It is proper that our century's should surpass theirs. We are capable of response to such a challenge, although it is fashionable to disparage the Eighteenth Century notion of the perfectability of mankind. Too ready a cynicism may be only a rationalization of inaction. Even though we are not incipient angels, we

ve some selfish drive for selfless action. Students throughout the country are claiming the right to share in adult responsibility — to help solve problems inherited from an earlier generation. There is no doubt that most young men want to take part in an adventure that offers glory; and the same young men, become fathers, want a better world for their children. This is surely idealism enough for a foundation of our program. And it could well be one of the criteria for the selection of candidates for admission to the school of architecture. In fact, it may be an injustice to the applicants themselves to accept those who are incapable of commitment to an ideal; those limited by temperament to the performance only of repetitive mechanical tasks will be the first to be displaced by automatic mechanical devices.

We have named the task to be done, and have indicated those most likely to accomplish it. How shall they proceed? An enormous project can obviously be carried out only by planned cooperation. In the emergency of wartime, so in this undertaking of building a beautiful world, we will have to learn again that there are incentives no more stimulating than the desire for personal gain. Students will have to learn, and architects will have to remember, that they are colleagues before they are competitors. Only where competition is given more creative, will we encourage competition. But we will explore the potential of greater cooperation where it is indicated. Our objective is to discover a technique for utilizing all the force exerted in a tug-of-war, so that the net total force exerted will be the sum of all the forces invested, instead of just the difference. A wider reliance on cooperation will give more than economic efficiency; it will certainly assure more personal participation to the total of participants. No one will measure the frustration, the disappointment, the envy, and the bitterness of the defeated in a contest where there can be only one winner, but there must be many doers.

There is one requisite to effective teaching of architecture which is far more important than classroom procedures: unequivocal communication. There must be established some common language of standards, with an unambiguous vocabulary of units. There must be general agreement on what constitutes architecture, beyond shelter and structure. If symbol too, *exactly* what is a symbol? Serious discussion of the merit of specific works of architecture is futile without

prior agreement on standards. Only confusion can attend the semantic anarchy that we tolerate in schools today. Encouragement of "inventiveness" is not synonymous with approbation of "license." Let the schools agree among themselves, and the teachers within the schools, on such fundamental issues as the meaning of "discipline" and "responsibility" for the designer. Must these words connote onerous "restriction," or stimulating "challenge"? Must design decisions be always "rational" before they may be "intuitive"? What is the philosophic meaning of "economy" in the design process? Should structure be "expressed" in a design, or is it altogether subservient to "concept"? Is it "legitimate" to "tamper" with the "natural" texture of concrete, for example? Shall we look for the "inevitable" solution of Sullivan who sought the law that knew no exception, or with Wright, always prefer the exception? The difference between the two ideas is an enormous ideological chasm, and today, when the entire public is the client, the choice may not be made capriciously. The client is beginning to wonder why our profession alone, with the possible exception of the Comedians' Guild, should pride itself upon its own invariable unpredictability. What various considerations should govern the height of a window sill? What is a fitting latitude of "taste"? And so forth. The whole dictionary of values need not be outlined here.

Dean Hurst has brought into the open the plight of an ailing architecture, and has proposed that we join to do something about it. The validity of his critique is undeniable. But the real urgency is not only in the dilemma of our profession. It is equally in the continued deprivation of the community of a real, tangible value which it has been architecture's traditional function to provide. The science of architecture is flourishing as never before. The phenomenal growth of technology—the rapidity with which research and invention have been translated into industrial processes, has produced a plethora of new materials, equipment, and services with which we can give our clients almost anything they need. Almost; but not quite. In the exuberance of this surfeit of material abundance, we have forgotten that architecture was once primarily an art—a very vital art. Or if we do acknowledge it, vocally, it is with some inner embarrassment. We don't really identify art with virility. Yet in all recorded history (and much of the record is written only in architecture) this art provided the very focus of public pride,

so absolutely and wholeheartedly that peasants and soldiers and artisans valued it as highly as did the elite of aristocracy and scholarship. Architecture was universally esteemed when it satisfied a universal need, and spoke a universal language—when it was intelligible even to the unintellectual, and legible even by the illiterate. But not today. Countless reputable commentators, including the three deans who participated in this series as architects, are in agreement that contemporary architecture is really inadequate as a serious art.

Almost a quarter of a century ago, Joseph Hudnut, then Dean of Harvard's Faculty of Design, declared that the architectural profession was progressing steadily to extinction. Professor Hudnut was no hysterical prophet of doom; he offered what then seemed adequate evidence to support his grim contention. He cited the apathy with which the profession had accepted, in the preceding century, the secession of various provinces of action which had been, for ages, identified with architecture: civil engineering, city planning, landscape architecture, stage set design, industrial design, and interior decoration. And for an accent of current human interest, he mentioned officialdom's "disdain of the architects' modest pretensions to wartime usefulness." Today, in an era of accelerated specialization, we sensibly grant without question the inevitability of the independent offshoots and branches enumerated in Hudnut's catalog. Suddenly we discover that among all the sturdy branches we can no longer discern the original tree.

Now we must ask ourselves frankly what is our most important function. Do we really have something to contribute besides applied physical technology and a confused esoteric mystique? Right now our "public image" is unconvincing. Much more than skillful public relations will be needed to reestablish it.

Architects must rediscover and restore the forgotten quality of meaning to our nation's architecture. We must reaffirm the truism that architecture is a social art, and that its aesthetic power must be derived from a social ethos. As citizens we have some responsibility even for the quality of that ethos. Through the schools, we can begin again at the beginning, and if we aim high enough, we cannot fail to revitalize architecture. There is a corollary to the legend of the Tower of Babel. If men will work together, and speak a common language, they can build a tower that will reach to heaven.

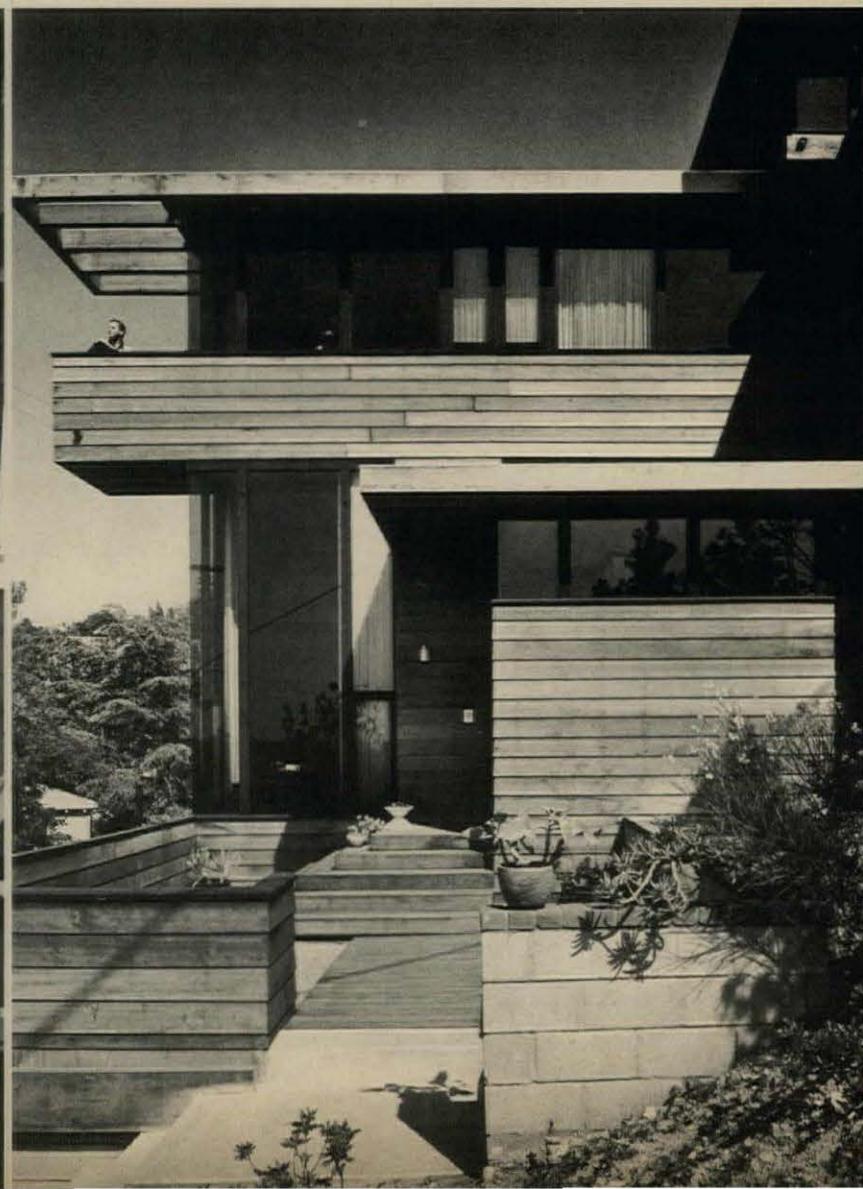


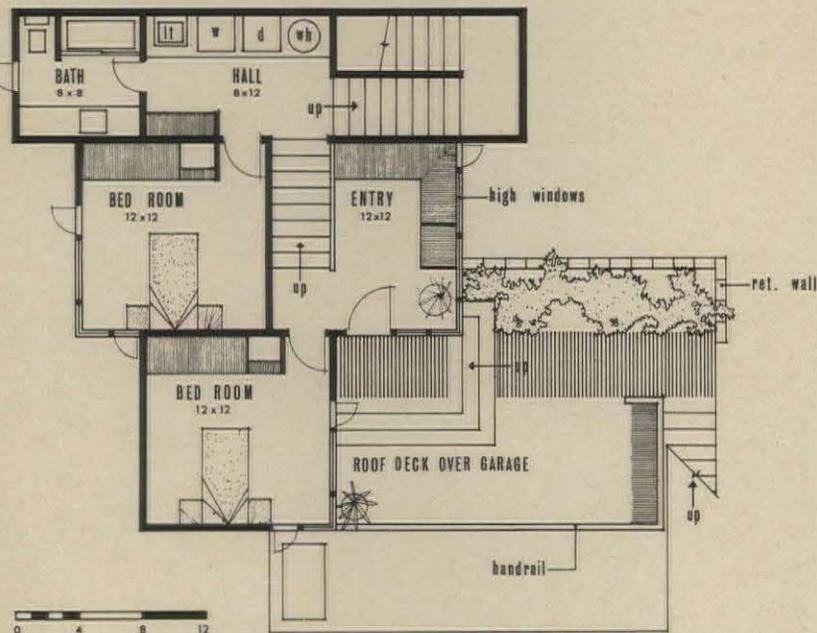
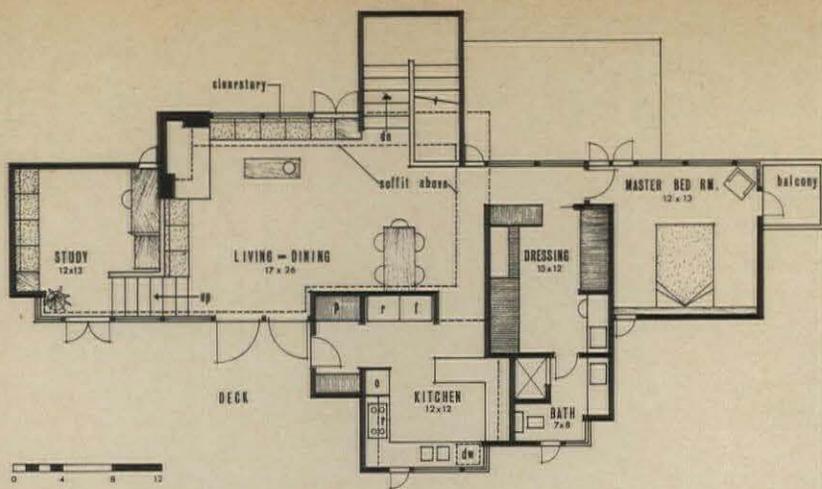
Photos by Julius Shulman

J. BARRY MOFFITT, ARCHITECT

To achieve the most with the small, steeply sloping urban lot in Los Angeles, the house has been placed at an oblique angle to the east-west property lines, creating more usable outdoor space and taking the best advantage of the limited views. The siting also proved best for natural lighting and ventilation. The multi-level scheme is organized vertically around the main stair shaft and rooms or areas requiring more space project out and are revealed in the elevations. The interplay of volumes and levels frees the enclosed space and makes the ceiling plane a dominant element of the design that penetrates to

the exterior and gives a decided horizontality to what is essentially a vertical plan. The house is thus visually related more directly to the land. The structural system is wood "platform" framing throughout with exposed 4"x6" headers and 4"x4" posts. Concrete block was used for the foundation and retaining walls. Siding inside and out is clear all heart redwood; ceiling combine sheetrock with spaced 1"x4" redwood boards, which are also used for decking. Enclosed area totals 2,175 square feet, deck and patio 7 square feet.





Both the Moffitt house and the Crites house which follows represent excellent solutions to the problems of one-family residential design. The Crites and McConnell emphasizes relatively isolated interior areas which create a feeling of full privacy and yet, curiously, are directly related to other areas merely at the opening of a door or a turnabout in space.

The Moffitt residence, on the other hand, relates spaces to each other by means of changing levels which are immediately apparent from area to area and which are linked to exterior space by clerestory windows. Where in the Crites and McConnell a vertical composition of spaces was the prime design consideration, in the Moffitt house, there are generous horizontal spaces and surprises caused by changes in ceiling level and by the sudden expanding of a vista to the outdoors when least expected.

The two vastly different sites, one a steep incline and the other a gracefully flowing wooded slope, have been treated with equal respect and sensitivity and the resulting projects have been naturally and skillfully, yet differently, related to their sites.

—JULIUS SHULMAN

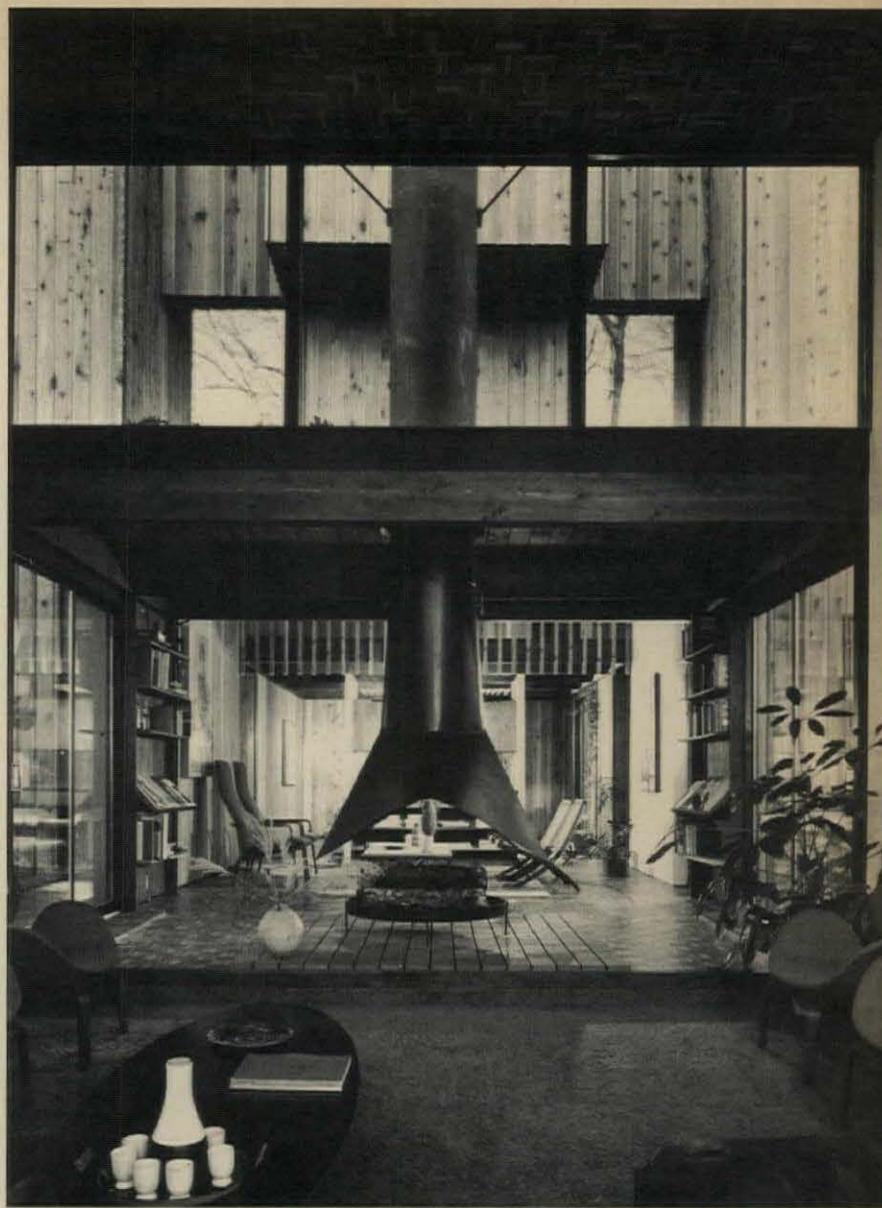




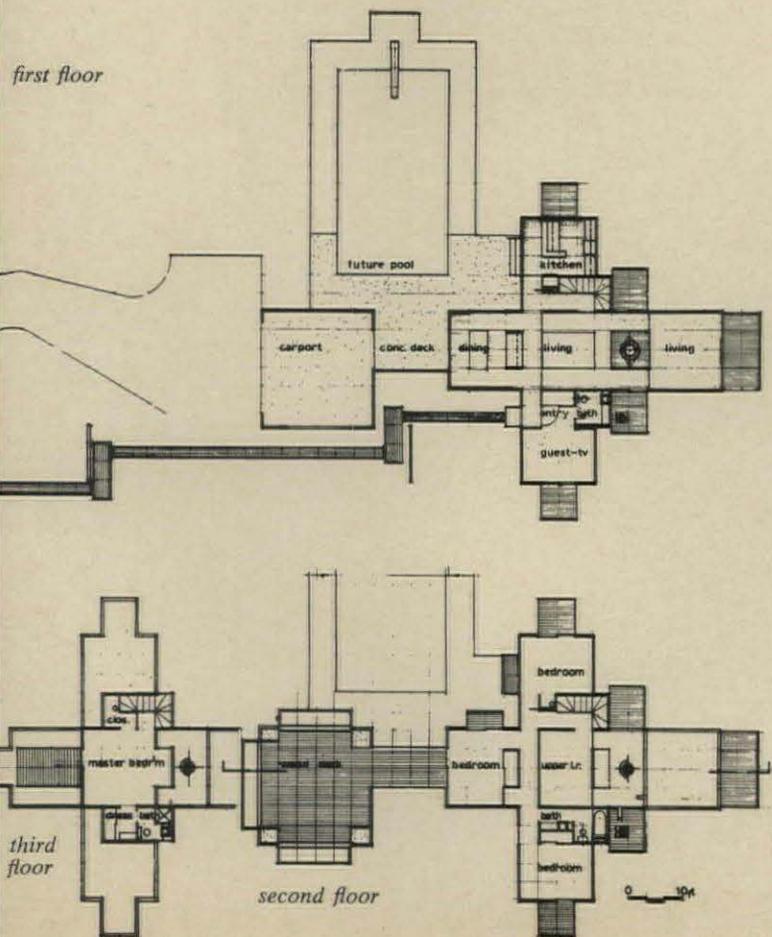
bestowing a 1965 AIA Honor Award on this project the jury commented, "The house represents a most imaginative use of simple materials both inside and out, and through consistency of materials, its form acquires a sculptural quality. It fits the environment with sensitivity."

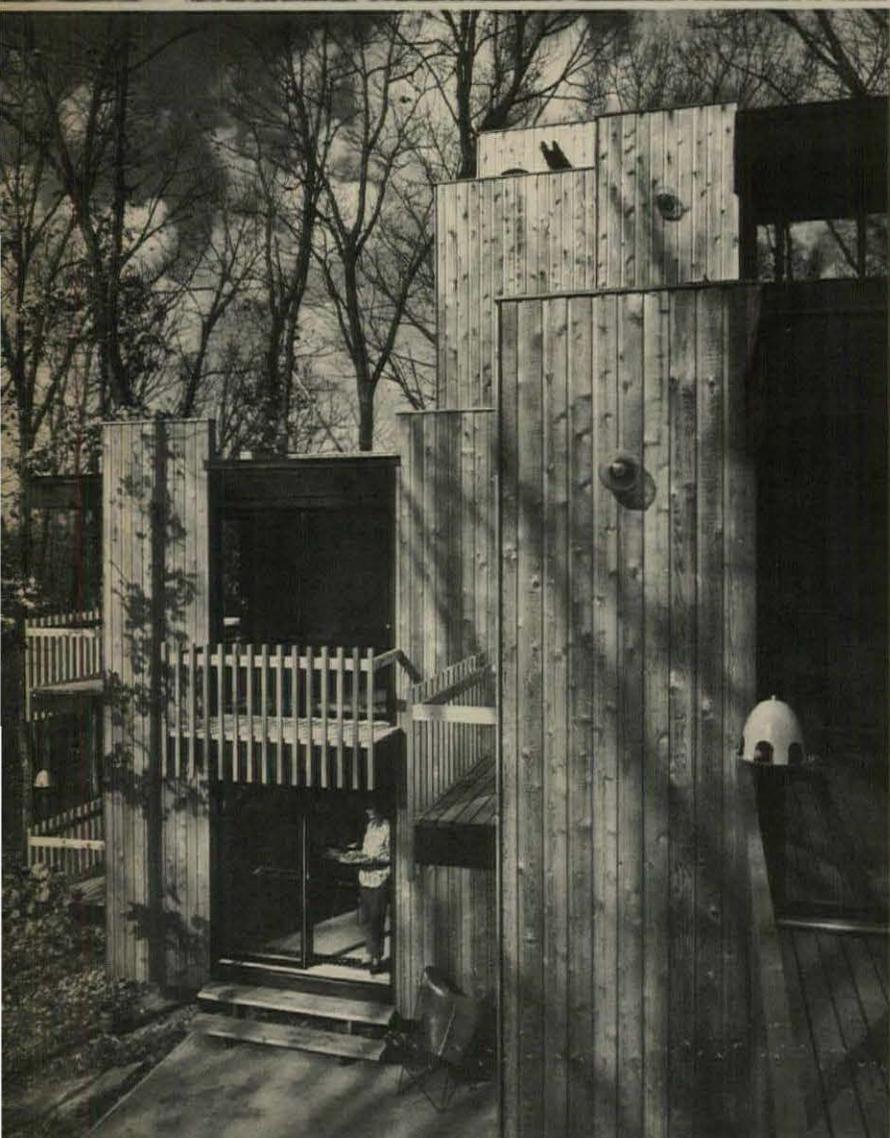
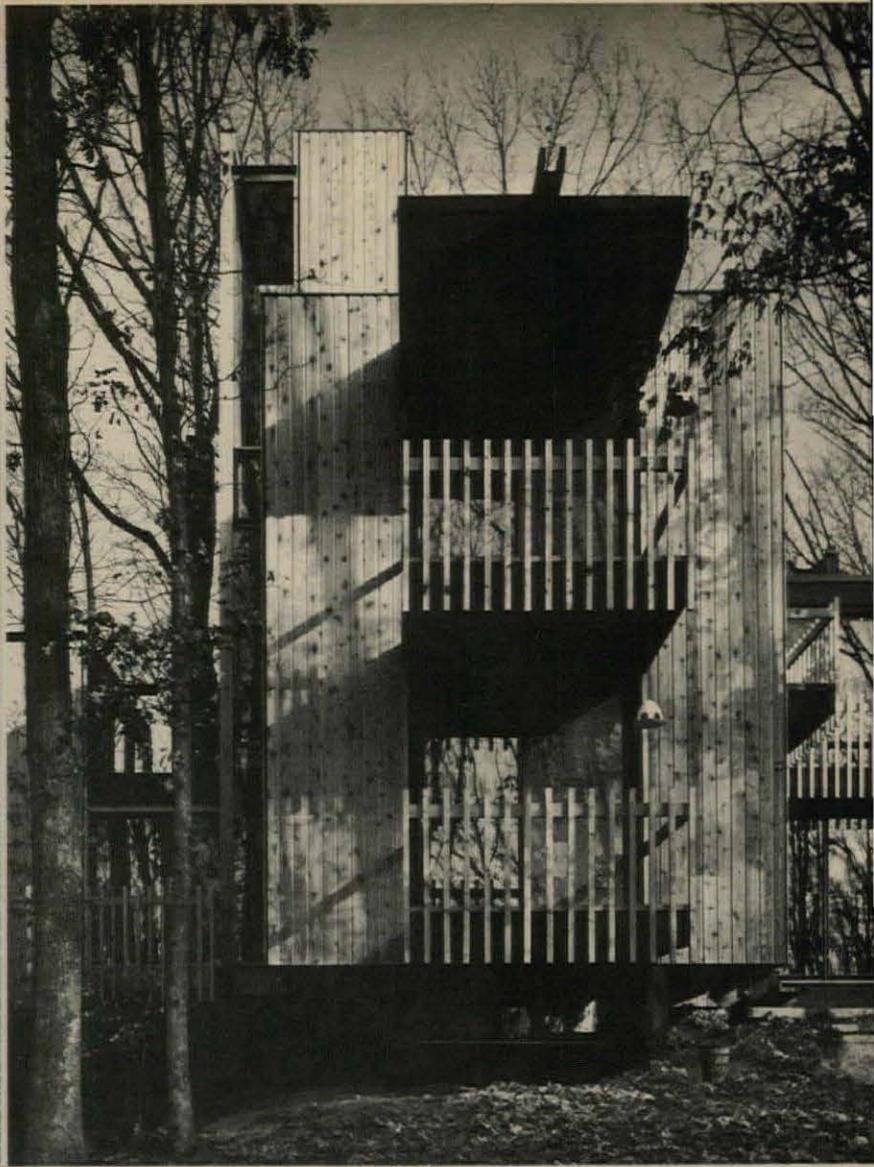
The house is located on a tract of rolling, heavily wooded land. The program called for provision of adequate space for a family of five (on the omnipresent "limited budget") which would blend on the exterior with the surroundings and also integrate them with the interior.

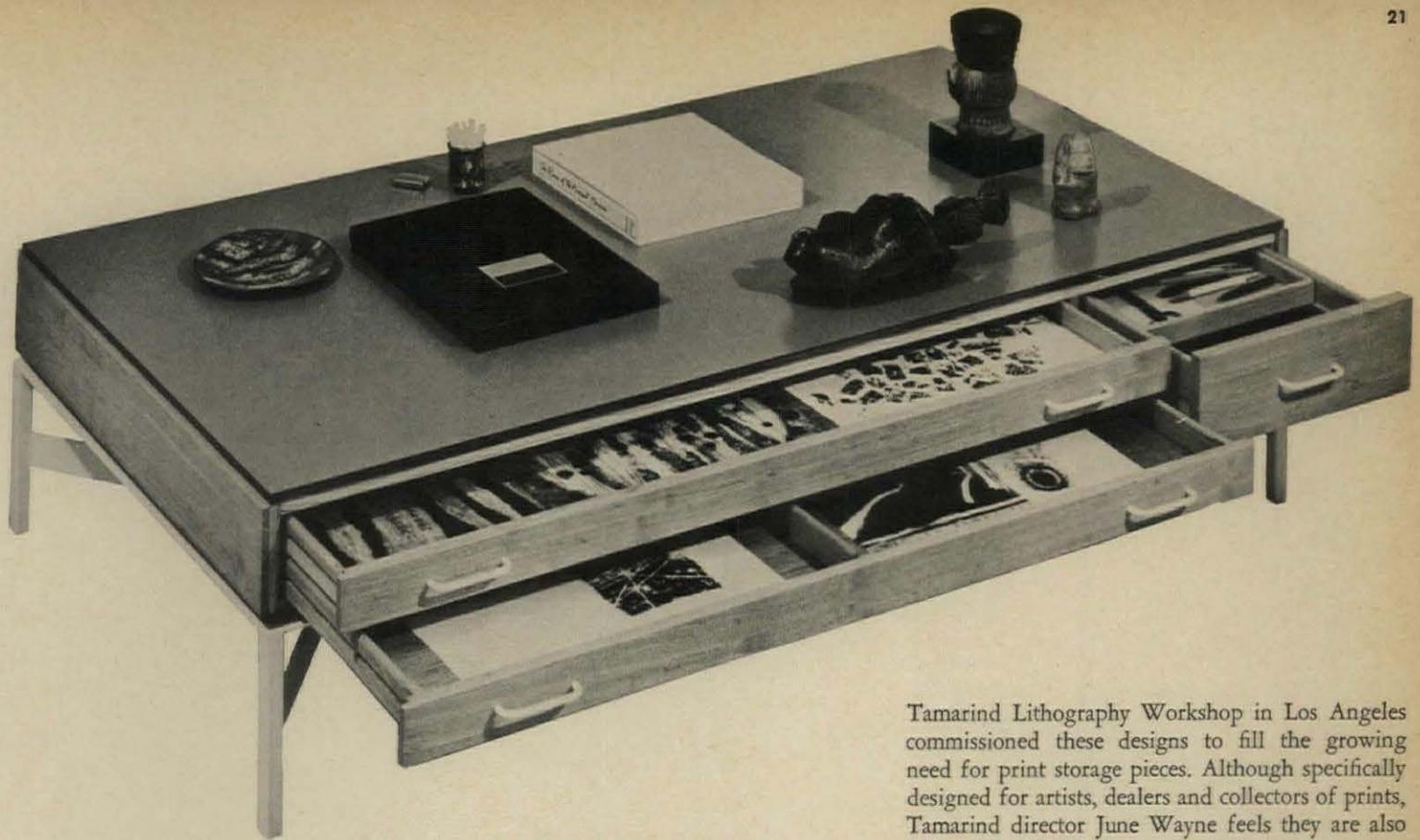
Whereas the design solution in the previous house evolved primarily from considerations of the terrain, here it was the extreme verticality of the trees which suggested the design. Exterior siding is rough sawn cedar which is expected to weather to the color of the tree trunks. Unfinished cedar casing was used for interior walls, excepting for some areas of white sheet-rock. The floor-ceiling is plank and beam with stained surfaces.



Photos by Julius Shulman



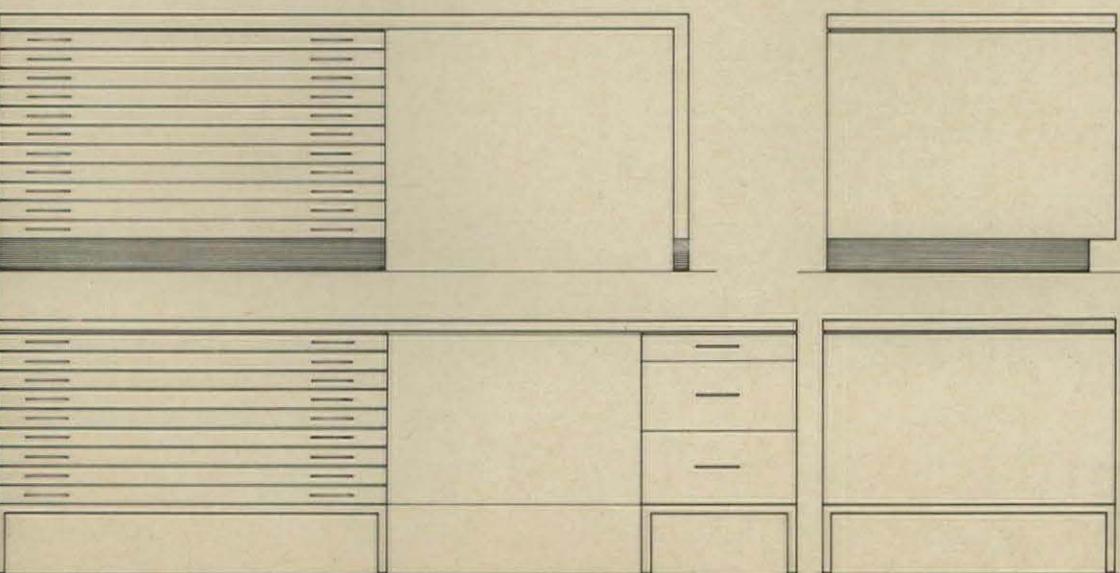
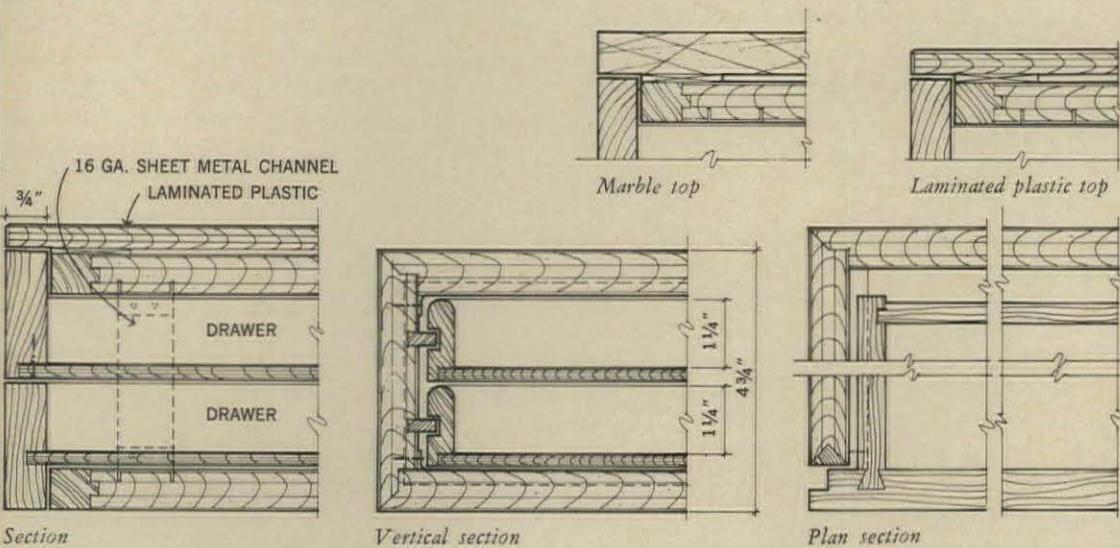




PRINT STORAGE FURNITURE BY JOHN FOLLIS

Tamarind Lithography Workshop in Los Angeles commissioned these designs to fill the growing need for print storage pieces. Although specifically designed for artists, dealers and collectors of prints, Tamarind director June Wayne feels they are also eminently suited to use by architects and engineers for storage of construction and presentation drawings.

In addition to the pieces shown, John Follis of Usher-Follis has designed a four-drawer end table and a second coffee table with drawers at the ends. Plans and specifications of all the designs are available from Tamarind, 1112 N. Tamarind Ave., Los Angeles 38. The set costs \$1.50 and carries the admonition: Be sure your cabinet maker understands: 1) The drawers must glide easily when full. Art paper is surprisingly heavy. 2) Deep storage is waste storage where prints are concerned. Don't be tempted to make the drawers deep. Too many prints in a pile cause wrinkling and weight damage and are heavy and hard to handle. 3) Don't skimp by making drawer bottoms flimsy or they will sag. 4) If you make a coffee table cover drawer lips or bevel the lips out and down to prevent spilled liquid from running into storage areas.





From left:

Kengiro Azuma
J. J. Beljon
André Bloc
Kosso Eloul
Claire Falkenstein
Gabriel Kohn
Piotr Kowalski
Robert Murray

The phenomenon of the International Sculpture Symposium as an organized climate for the creation of monumental sculpture has added a new element to the plastic arts.

Since the first symposium occurred in an abandoned stone quarry in St. Margareth, Austria, in the summer of 1959, there have been 23 similar sculpture symposia, involving over 200 sculptors from countries throughout the world.

The principle of the symposium is a non-profit situation for the sculptor participant and for the hosting organization. Travel, food and lodging, and a small honorarium are offered the sculptor. In return, the sculptor agrees to execute one monumental sculpture which remains permanently at the site of the symposium. All materials, services, tools, etc. are furnished by the host organization. There is no gallery or museum involvement in the symposium.

What then is the incentive for the sculptor without pay to devote two or three months of a busy year to publicly execute a major work under pressure of a time limit? Each sculptor finds his personal reasons predicated on the assurance he will be free to work without restriction.

Not all sculptors agree with the symposium idea. 150 inquiries were sent to sculptors representing 14 countries. Over 100 replied they would like to participate in the program as set forth for the 1965 California International Sculpture Symposium at Long Beach State College, the first to be held in the United States.

The principle of assuring no restriction for the artist was expanded to include unlimited support by industry to help the sculptor reach solutions to problems requiring research, experimentation, and special facilities in the industries of space technology, electronics, shipbuilding, chemicals, metals and metal trades, concrete, and the construction trades. We hoped these industrial resources would challenge the sculptor to re-evaluate his personal creative limits.

The site location of each sculpture, with the fluid environment of a college campus, injected the problem of relating each sculpture to the captive community of 20,000 students whose average age is 20 years old. The sculpture now permanently installed on the campus constitutes a museum without walls.

The 1965 California International Sculpture Symposium was the first in the world sponsored by and held on a college campus. Thirty-two young sculptors and graduate students from throughout the United States were selected to participate as assistants to the symposium sculptors. These students came at their own expense and enrolled as regular students, paying normal fees, and receiving college credit. Our expectation was that involvement in the symposium would parallel apprenticeship and encourage maturity.

As organizer and director of the symposium I have been asked many times how the sculptors were chosen. Basically there were two guidelines.

1. For an international symposium we sought out sculptors with international reputations from a large number of countries.

2. Sculptors considered were listed under general categories of the materials and styles in which each worked. All previous symposia since 1959 have been primarily stone carving. Stone is not indigenous to Southern California. Redwood, concrete, steel and aluminum are indigenous or fabricated here. The consideration of materials to be used with the support of industrial technology directed us towards sculptors who had not previously participated in other symposia and who appeared to have the capacity and interest in experimentation at a monumental scale. The decision proved valid. Each sculptor utilized the industrial technology far beyond the expectation, and beyond our budget.

André Bloc, from France, designed a 60-foot tower of white concrete utilizing the structure of a repeated wood form. Mr. Bloc spent the summer with structural engineers, architects and contractors preparing the drawings and the model for the tower. Because of the size of the structure it could not be constructed in the eight-week period of the Symposium. Plans are ready now, however, to begin construction within the next two months.

Gabe Kohn, from the United States, worked in redwood construction. Shipwrights were engaged to assist him and Kohn moved to a shipyard to execute his monumental work using laminated redwood planks. The care and precision that went into the construction of Kohn's sculpture is visible in the joining, doweling and assembly of the parts. The craftsmanship of the artisan welds with the design concept of the sculptor to form a direct and sensitive statement.

Kosso Eloul, Israeli sculptor, required a solution for the fabrication and bonding of stainless steel to black concrete. A solution to his problem came from specialists in space technology and heavy construction. The amount of money and time donated to solve the problem, while far beyond the means of the symposium budget, is not in itself important. The importance is the willingness of industry to become so deeply involved in cultural experimentations outside their normal research and development programs.

In the case of J. J. Beljon, from Holland, enthusiasm was most noticeable in the union carpenters who constructed the forms for the 19 separate sections of the sculpture. The intricacies of design and construction of the wooden forms caused the eleven carpenters to take drawings home for study and planning at night. These men were not only willing but insistent that this was necessary in order to complete the sculpture within the eight-

week period. There were times when the crew worked on into the evening to prepare the forms for the concrete pouring the following day. I consulted a general contractor, reviewing the problem, brought his construction foreman and assistants to help me. J. J. Beljon after the second week. Perhaps I was overwhelmed by the attitude of these men, but I have learned to witness such an esprit-de-corps by union men based not on hourly wages but on an unabashed creative fervor. The last form was stripped from the concrete on Saturday morning, August 14, the day officially ending the symposium.

Kengiro Azuma, from Japan, worked at the Paramount Steel plant to construct his 12-foot-high sculpture in aluminum sheets and bars. He had the complete facilities of the plant at his disposal. A major aluminum company and metal warehouse supplier donated the aluminum in the required sizes, shapes and alloys. As with other sculptors at the symposium, Azuma found himself working with no restrictions except time. He realized quickly the need to expand his concepts in order to take full advantage of his opportunity. Etching, engraving and anodizing of the aluminum developed as integral elements in the sculpture as well. Azuma utilized the open-end support of industrial technology. His completed work on campus is a jewel. A direct expression of aluminum, not cast, not formed, but sensitively constructed. It is an expression of total cooperation between the sculptor, the fabricator and the material supplier.

Robert Murray's construction in 1"-thick stainless steel was completely fabricated at Bethlehem Steel shipyard in Long Beach, the only type of facility with equipment capable of handling and forming steel of the weight and dimensions required. Robert Murray. (At one point during the work at the shipyard the shop crew presented the superintendent and the lead foreman with gift wrapped boxes during the lunch hour. In each box was the note "Trade in your hard hat." Under the note was a neatly folded beret.) By the time Murray's sculpture was finished, most of the yard crew found themselves personally identified with the sculpture. During the installation on campus I asked one of the riggers for his opinion of Murray's piece. He looked at it, turned and said simply, "It's an honest use of steel."

Piotr Kowalski called me a week prior to leaving Paris for Long Beach to ask if I could arrange facilities for him to experiment forming metal with dynamite. I wasn't too polite with my reply, pointing out government restrictions, high cost of Kowalski's non-citizen status, etc. But I agreed to try. Three months later and with an unrestricted amount of money expended, Mr. Kowalski installed on campus his 25-foot-high complex sculpture of stainless steel elements formed indeed by dynamite. His work, totally and voluntarily subsidized by North American Aviation, furthered North American's own research into the forming of lar-



etal sheets without the use of forming dies. His experiments can be applied immediately to the sheathing of buildings using metal curtain walls with each panel formed in a unique pattern. By eliminating dies as a forming tool, the vertical surface of a building can be freed of the limits of repetitive pattern. A wall, regardless of the building height, can become a continuous sculptured relief. Interest in Mr. Kowalski's experiments was sufficient to have the company make possible an open-end budget during the symposium. At this writing North American seems content that the money was well spent. In this case industry earned some from the sculptor. Again, as in other instances, rapport was vital between industry and the sculptor. Mr. Kowalski, a graduate in architecture from M.I.T., found immediate rapport with the engineers and management.

Industry supported this symposium with over \$50,000, in materials, services and technical help. Each sculpture had been merely a repeat of some previous individual accomplishment, the money and support from industry would have been ill spent. But each sculpture completed at the symposium represents a maximum effort by the sculptor crashing through his self recognized capacities. Industry support made this possible.

The sculptor, by his effort, his requests, demands and his anxiety to use industrial technology, may have drawn some industries into support of culture. Other industries may be aware of a direct profit potential by adding "culture" to their research and development program.

One thing we know now—no involvement or donation of any size by industry was prompted by charity. There was either a genuine and personal interest and/or a recognition that this sculptor's efforts could possibly benefit the company's fund of knowledge.

There are other facets of the symposium which need to be written: The family of sculptors and the diverse cultures at work; the maturity of those faced with problem solving 18 hours a day, seven days a week; the feuds and love affairs; the students' and assistants' role in the symposium development; the community reaction and manners; and the shock laid on the doorstep of a state college campus.

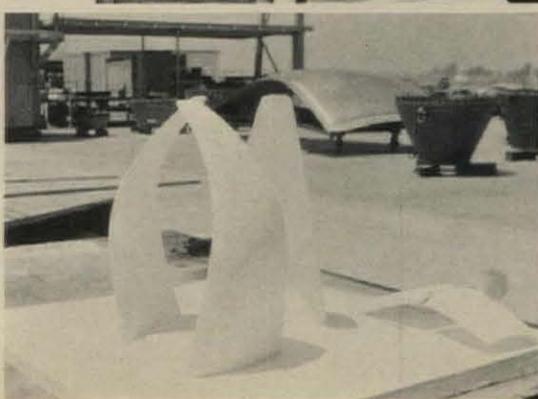
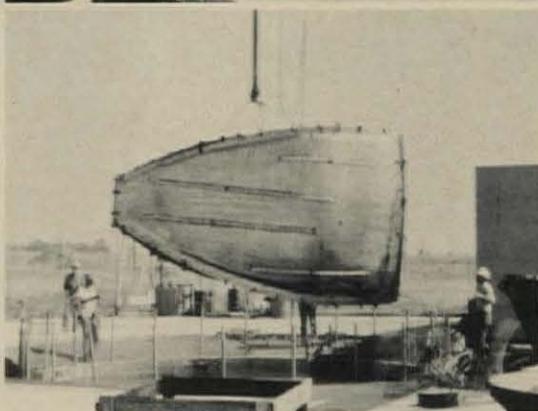
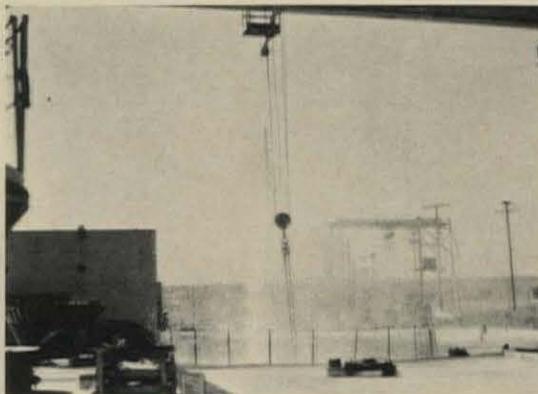
My purpose in this article was to indicate one of the phenomena resulting from a non-profit, selfless motivated vehicle which afforded artists an opportunity to work once without external restriction. There were problems and fights normal to any activity which forces creative people together. Some of the fights left scars. The scars too may cause a permanent change on the face of sculpture.

—KENNETH GLENN
Symposium Director
Dept. of Art
Long Beach State College

PIOTR KOWALSKI

I don't start my sculptures by hand, pounding and hacking. I sculpture with machines. Once the machine is set up it is a tool that can reproduce with the push of a button or be changed to make a whole family of objects. Like a piano that plays many melodies, a machine can be set to create many things. The alchemy is in the processing . . .

(Of his use of the new aircraft metal-forming technique, attaching dynamite to the metal in computed amounts and exploding the charge underwater:) Why shouldn't I use the most advanced tools in my time? I set up the forces—pressure, stresses, time—then let them behave with their own laws. I seek the utmost limits of the materials to make them do things they didn't know they could do. My sculpture is a summing up of what I want to say. I can never speak of it in words . . . After the work leaves my hands it may shock people or make them happy. It is absolutely not my concern.



KENGIRO AZUMA

I don't think art is describable—it is not something that can be defined or understood by talking . . . It's like our lives—we don't know when we begin and when we end.

I studied for six years under Marino Marini in Italy, until one day I realized that my work was imitation. I was born and raised in Japan and the difference between the Italian people and their dynamic way of life and the oriental is important and I felt this difference should be expressed in my work . . . The basic philosophy of my work is Buddhism, its affect on daily lives, the routine which is based in Buddhism . . . I have been seeking and trying to express feelings of calmness or silence in this very noisy and busy world . . .

The title of my piece is "Mu," which means "Nothing" in Japanese. Of course, there isn't "nothing" in this world. There is something and because there is something there is a word for nothing . . .

I usually work in bronze because it is beautiful and lasts. I came here to make a bronze sculpture, but because of little hindrances I had to change to some other material and I looked at steel and aluminum. I know a little about steel but not aluminum so I chose aluminum. I think it is beautiful and I like it, but I am worried about how long aluminum can last. As the years pass it may change color and in other ways.



GABRIEL KOHN

Wood is altogether a sympathetic material for me. It breathes, it actually moves in response to climatic conditions. Basically, I use a band saw and hand saw and a few simple wood chisels. There is little carving, but the chisel is sometimes necessary to get into a place that other tools can't reach.

This piece doesn't symbolize anything. It has meaning for me but I couldn't explain that meaning. If it has meaning too for you, if it has said something to someone else, I'll be very pleased. The representation of the so-called recognizable

is to use as model existing things that are part of our daily experience. This area that I am in and the rest of us is more of an adventure, it's more experimental; and it's a lot more dangerous, esthetically speaking, because it's not easy as doing the figure. As a student I modelled innumerable figures. For years it was figure, figure, figure, every night. That is a road with a dead end. Whereas non-figurative forms are unlimited and combinations of forms even more so.



CLAIRE FALKENSTEIN

I searched for a material I could use to project line to the viewer. The iron with which I used to work was too heavy so I turned to copper tubing. I find that with the tubing, bending and welding it, I am able to use structure as against volume, solid volume, opaque volume and it expresses current thinking about matter and energy. The result is activity within this structure rather than the solidity of a volume displacing space.

When one thinks about all the knowledge of matter and materials, we can no longer accept anything at face value. We have to penetrate it for qualities that reveal themselves through penetration. My sculpture is not abstraction, it is penetration into natural structure.

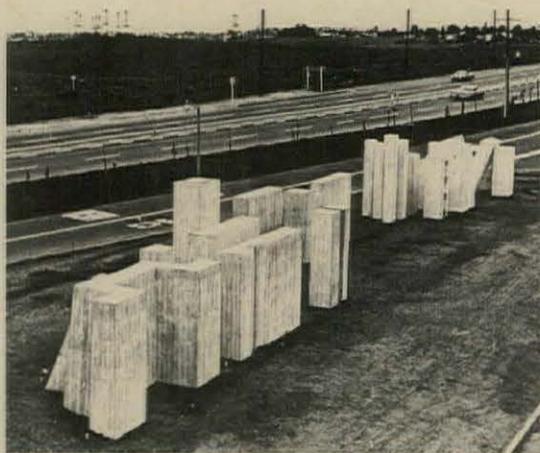


J. J. BELJON

I did not design this piece alone but with the assistance of Bob Lancaster and Dan Swartz and some others. The school gave me a couple of carpenters who executed this work for me and in all sense this adventure has been for me a happy one . . .

I do sculpture purely out of instincts. I like a few things in life: I like to be alive, I like the women, I like good eating, I like good wine. But in everything I want distinction. I want quality in all these things . . . I like quality of forms in sculpture but I know that it takes a whole life to be able to discern the quality of forms. What I am striving for is this quality of form—what it is I can't say. You can't say what is the quality of a wine or the quality of a form; you can only experience it . . .

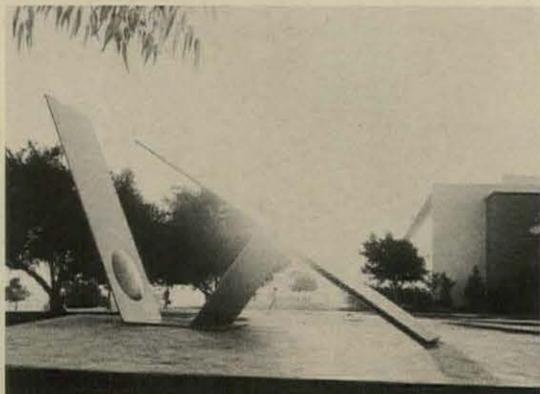
I have called my sculpture "Homage to Sam Rodia," the man who built the Watts Towers.



ROBERT MURRAY

To sculpt in the beginning generally implied carving. In the last 100 years or so it has meant working with clay, either adding to or reducing. Whereas if you're working in steel, you're not really sculpting the steel—although it's possible; you can weld to it and cut away. But in my work there's very little taking away. I build with it . . .

I worked in bronze for about three years, but finally the technical aspects of it became more of a limitation than was suitable to my ideas. My plasters became simpler and simpler until it was much more practical to go back into fabricating again. The whole problem of texture and surface treatment, and so on, I finally found to be too limiting. What was happening at my finger tips became too much of a consideration. I have since found no difficulty drawing back from fingertip control, all the way up the arm to the extent of using other people's arms.



KOSSO ELOUL

. . . Sculpture means to me making an object that carries its own energy within itself . . . dynamo that radiates enough curiosity, awareness, interest to stop a man in his tracks, stand in front of it, puzzle it, be puzzled by it, meditate about it, be happy he met it or be disgusted that he met it . . .

The use of stainless steel and concrete is new to me. I have experimented here with it with the help of North American Aviation and concrete suppliers and contractors — people who know much, much more about these two materials than I do. The fusion of the two materials gave me something that I could not have achieved with either of them singly: the tension and the toughness of the metal—hard, clear, tense and dynamic combined with the tremendous feeling of weight and stability of concrete.

This is a monumental piece. It is 15 feet high above ground—and six feet below, which gave me with a danger I wanted to avoid, that of making a promiscuous public monument. Nothing to make speeches in front of and all that . . . I want a man standing in front of it to forget the public, forget groupings and be very much alone with it, react to it and be activated by it—privately.



ANDRE BLOC

In accepting the invitation to participate in the Symposium, I asked the committee to be able to play the role of an architectural sculptor.

This slender tower will function as a signal, a landmark. Formerly cities were marked with greatly pleasing and useful landmarks such as this. They were towers with strong character and vast sculptural elements. In the improvisation of temporary cities, the value of such elements has been forgotten, creating a confused world where man feels alone among millions of others.

The tower will measure about 65 feet and will be on a podium surrounded by water. To the surprise of the Symposium officials and advisors, the cost estimates of the engineer and contractor have been much lower than expected (approximately \$20,000). There will be a stairway almost to the top with view openings along the ascent.

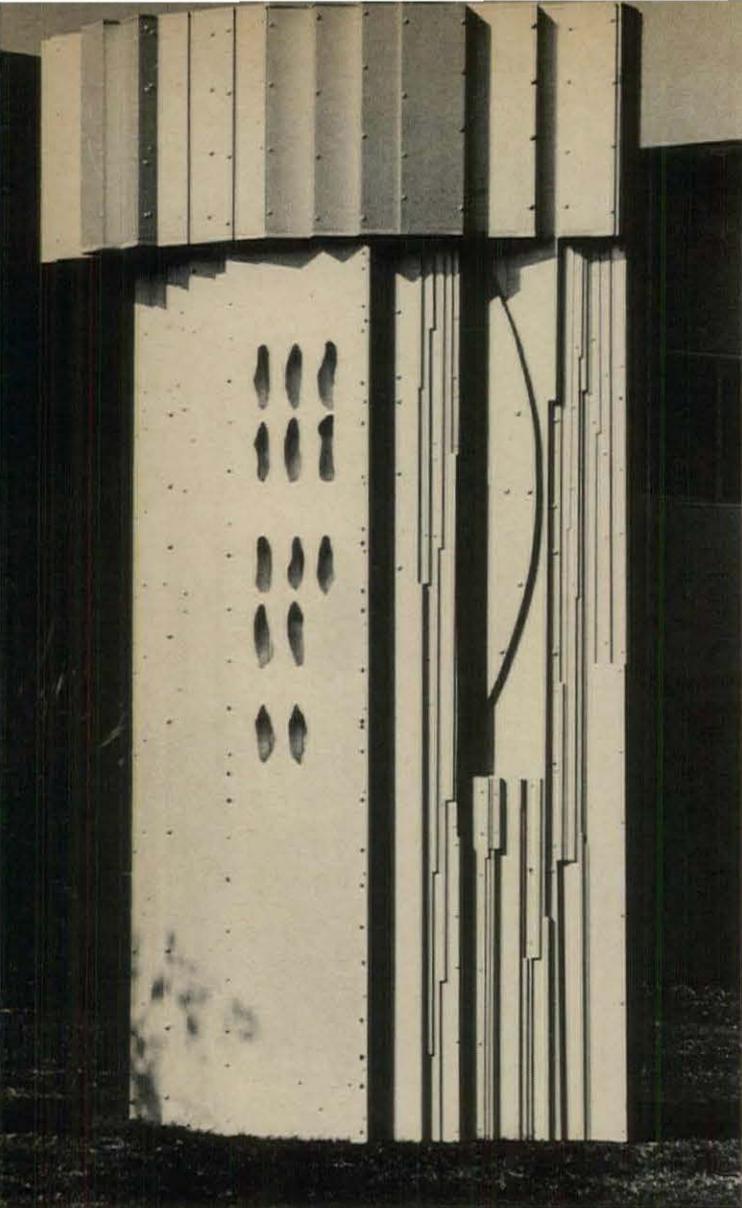


Piotr Kowalski. Photo by Baylis Glascock



J. J. Beljon. Photo by Dan Zimbaldi



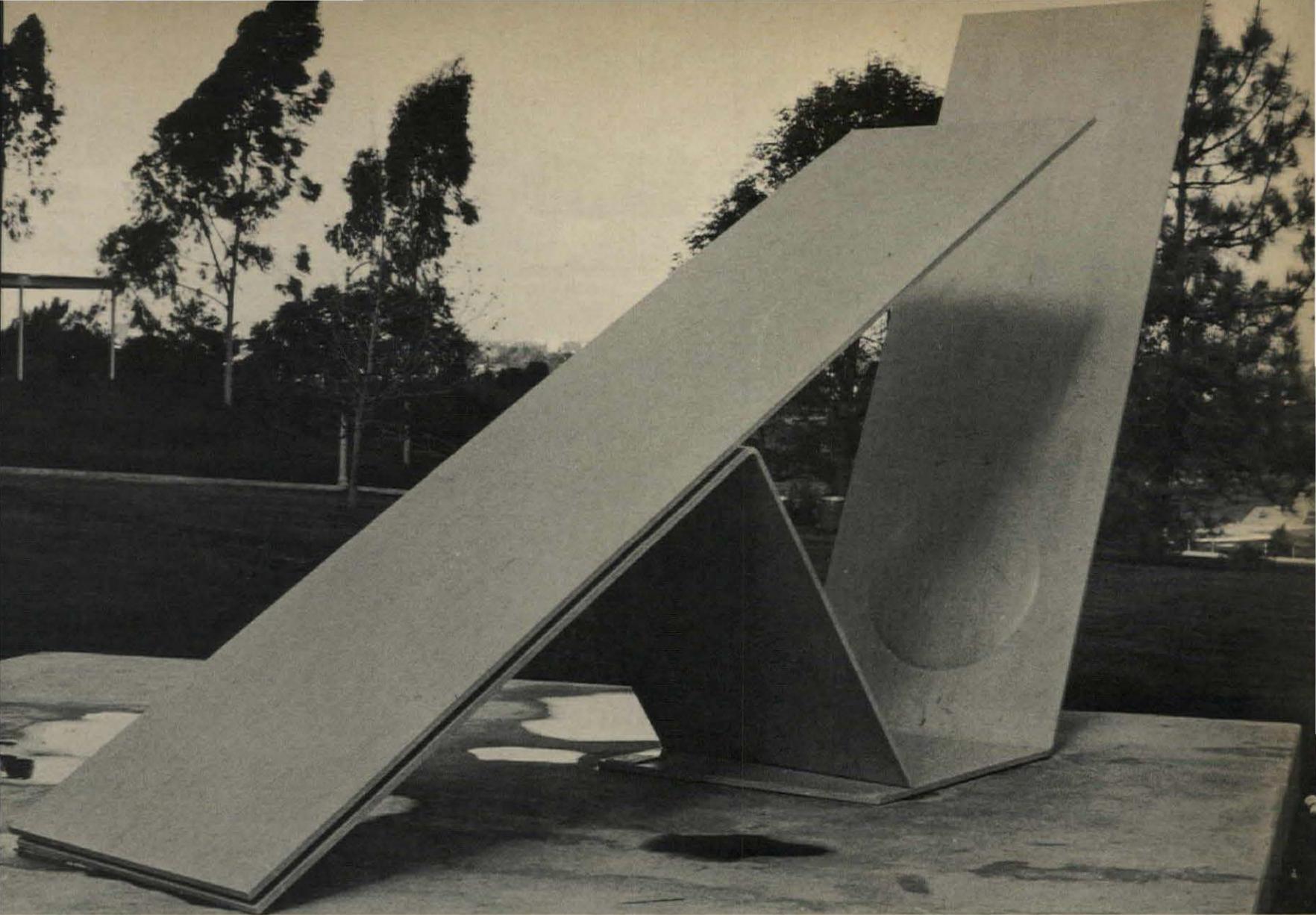


*Kengiro Azuma. Photo by Dan Zimbaldi
Claire Falkenstein*



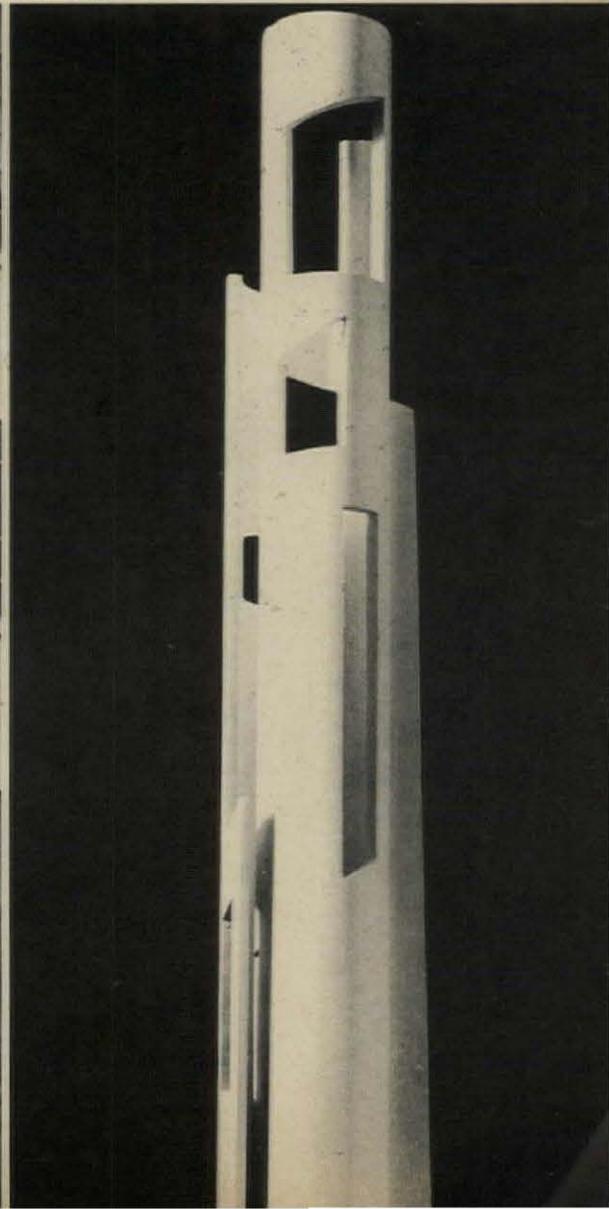
Gabriel Kohn

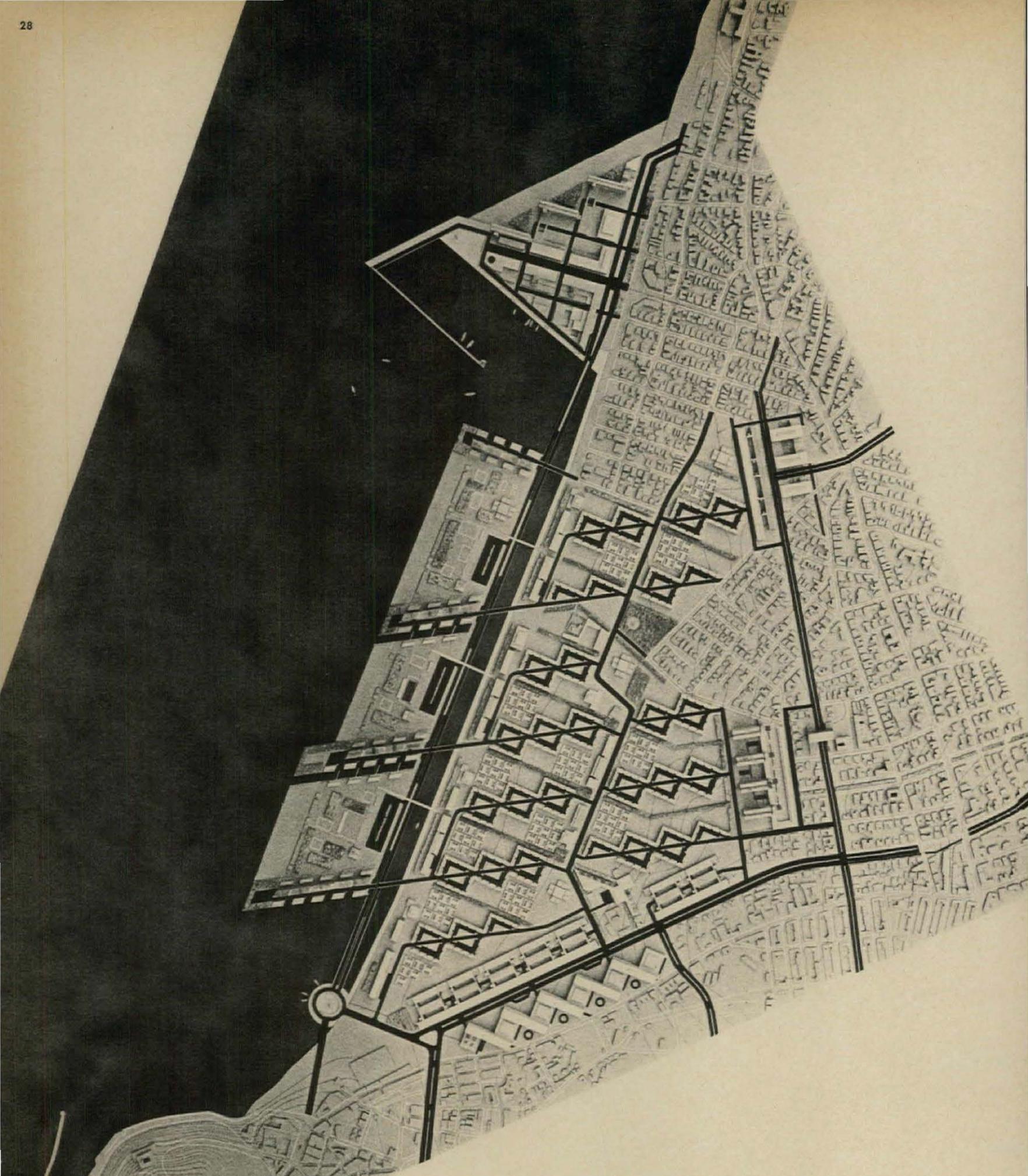




Robert Murray. Photo by Baylis Glascock
Isso Eloul. Photo by Baylis Glascock

André Bloc





PROJECT FOR TEL AVIV-YAFFO TOWN PLANNING COMPETITION

*by Thomas R. Vreeland,
Mitchell/Giurgola Associates
David Crane, Avrum Reigenstein,
Ivan Schlapobersky, Marvin Vernick*

THE CORE AS A WHOLE—ITS ROLE, ORDER AND FORM

The plan of the Core is derived from an attempt to discover how a great city such as Tel Aviv can best serve the national aims of the country's development program by bringing its Core up to the highest standards of the contemporary metropolis, and by seizing the opportunity to build into new purposes and new forms which most largely, built by historic accretion, can only achieve first destroying outmoded purposes and forms.

The Core as a "City of Ideas and Leisure." Sterility and personal sacrifices are required by the city's good and necessary development policies. However there is also the universal desire for leisure, and opportunities to use that leisure fruitfully, employing the new economic, social and intellectual freedoms brought about by communications, technology and man's new aspirations. Tel Aviv's potential position in Israel is *not* that of a capital of government or industry or distribution rather as a "City of Ideas and Leisure," an oasis for the transient, a nurturing place for those new ideas of city and living that promise to play ever increasing roles in urban economic systems everywhere.

The Core as a Link. Tel Aviv and Yafo, the new and the old, become linked in a physical and expressing the dissolution of ancient social, ethnic and economic distinctions. And the most is made of both cultures by combining indigenous characteristics with the new world-wide qualities of modern cities. The physical integration is achieved through extensive land-use patterns and space-time dimensions which live up to the opportunities of the motor and telecommunication era and the demands of a freer society.

The Core as a System of Changing Connections. The Core is really a matter of connecting the molecules of urban life. It represents the greatest condensation of multiple interaction possibilities available in the metropolis.

Activity areas can be distinguished in the present Core. They are entertainment (Mograb Square), business and finance (the crossing of Rothschild and Allenby), historic (Old Yafo Hill), light industry (Eilat) and shopping (Allenby).

This plan proposes an extensive, rather than intensive Core. The new functional purposes of this Core will be to meet an increase in government decision making, business decision making, cultural pursuits, entertainment and research over manufacturing and routine shopping.

Today's city modern methods of transport and communications, new building types and new types of mutual support sought by different classes of activities have encouraged a closer integration than before of different Core functions, and the dissolution of large single function districts. This sense of dimension and interrelation of activity in the Core can only be made possible by new roads and a clear distinction of different types of roads as separate elements of a system of communication and interaction.

The plan distinguishes between shopping streets, business streets and residential streets; between long distance travel and short distance travel; and between pedestrian and auto.

The Strategy of Growth and Renewal. The desired plan is achieved in several ways: The plan proposes to combine the use of program functions and new roads in the current Redevelopment Area with new and old roads in the

Planning Area in a type of "Pincer Movement" whereby natural growth of "Core Frame" functions is encouraged in desired directions well beyond the span of the Redevelopment Period and Area without necessitating Urban Renewal.

New and old street patterns and new and old land uses are interwoven in a saw tooth relation to each other. Thus, the boundary between the "Core Frame" uses and interior residential uses is left open to the future.

By the use of transitional building types which will accommodate a succession of varying uses, by infusing the above new forces of change while still maintaining a "complete" and harmonious development throughout, we hope to deal with the finite development period in a way that will set in motion forces that will channel the courses of inevitable but somewhat indeterminate change toward a general image of desirable form for the Core.

Structural Patterning of the Core. The preceding proposals presuppose a somewhat larger discipline of city structure than now available in the diverse and parochial subdivisions of Tel Aviv. The objectives of this patterning are:

To blend with main existing elements and to reinforce their patterns of orientation toward the "Core Frame" and toward the sea.

To provide the clarity, regularity and generality necessary for understanding, without monotony or loss of scale distinctions.

To foster growth and change.

To relate to economic utilities and public improvements.

To provide a range of choices of direction in movement and a variety of experiences both in movement and in non-movement.

To allow both separation and integration of mechanical services and pedestrian open-space functions.

And to permit a close partnership rather than an over-separation of the different elements.

II. THE PHASING: PRINCIPLES AND OBJECTIVES

Early construction is done wherever possible in open land to avoid until later clearance and relocation.

Early stages of development should take place close to centers of vitality and economic strength in order to encourage private investment and patronage.

At the same time we provide public access and services to the most obscure and poorly-served areas, and build government offices and other public investments in these areas in order to establish a pattern of private confidence in them.

Throughout all three phases revenue-producing commercial development is carefully kept in balance with the lesser residential development.

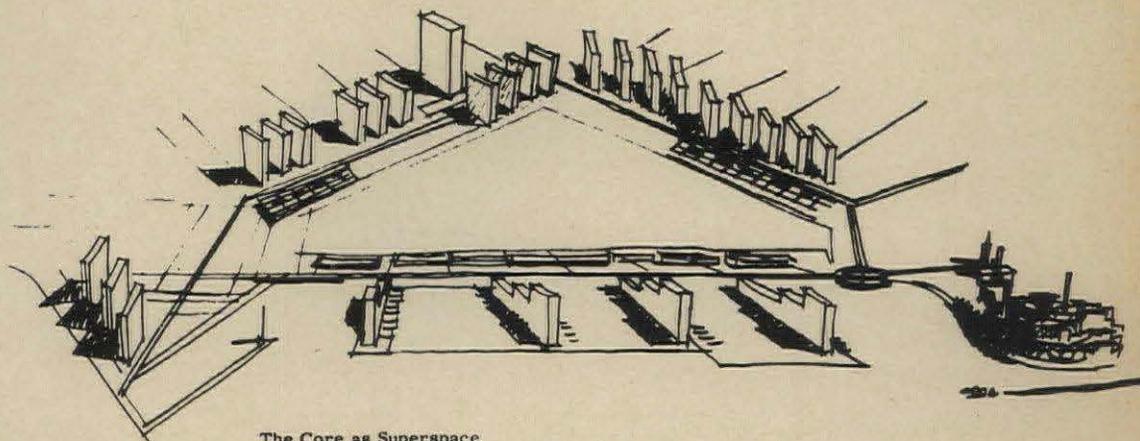
In order to prevent premature disruption of existing development outside of the Redevelopment Area, such measures as might cause it which are needed for the plan as a whole and for the strategy of future growth are avoided until the late stages.

III. TYPES OF FACILITIES AND THEIR DISTRIBUTION

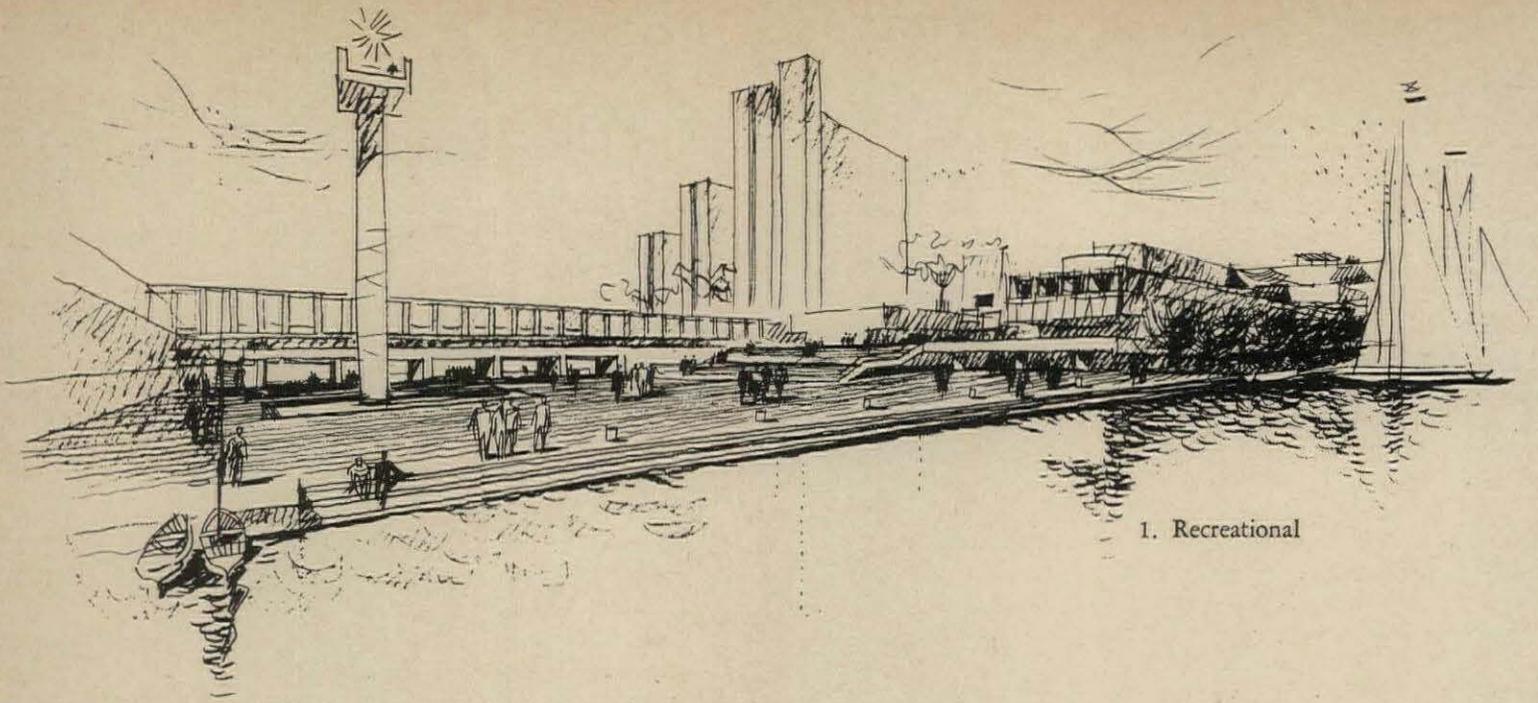
1. Transient Residential
 - Recreational
 - Cultural
 - Entertainment

All the above, with the exception of outdoor recreational, are concentrated in the Wharf area. This land, being reclaimed from the sea, is available to us immediately and is built in the first phase. Its location represents the logical extension and reinforcing of an existing area of hotels and entertainment at the end of Allenby Street. Allenby is literally driven 400 meters further out into the sea where hotels, boites de nuit and restaurants can command dramatic views of the Mediterranean, of the coast line, and of the yacht basin. By building up this area first we minimize the dislocation of existing facilities in the early stages and at the same time stimulate lively commercial enterprises in the area as early as possible.

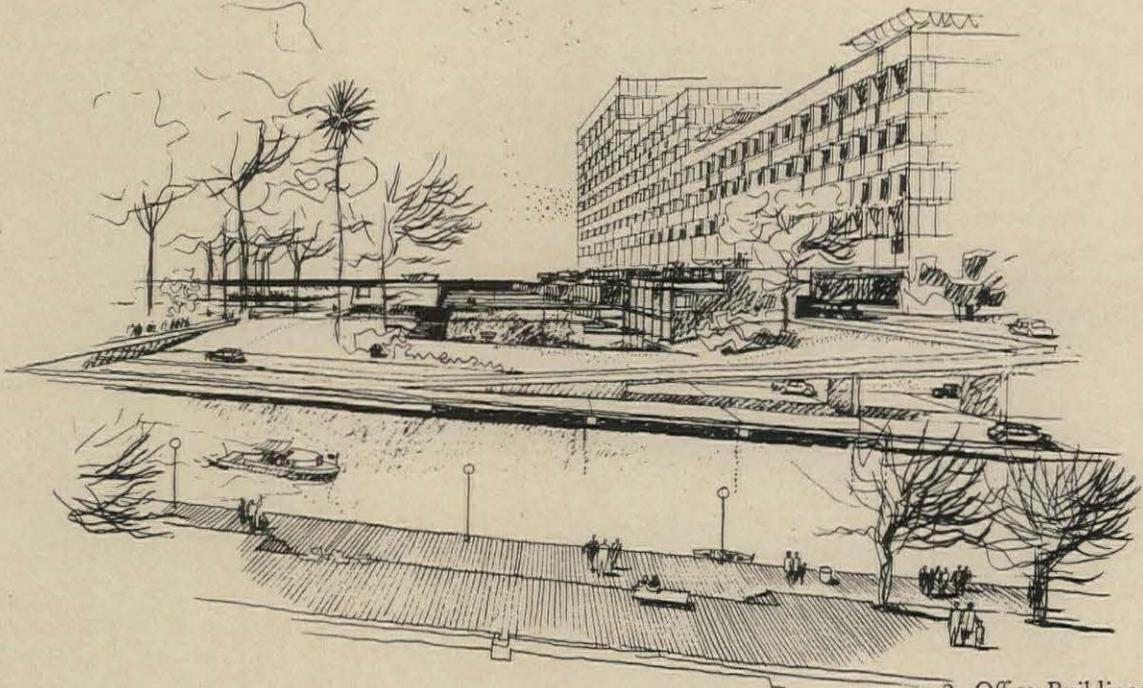
Many tourist attractions, little restaurants, clubs and art galleries already exist on Old Yafo hill. These two entertainment districts, the ancient in Yafo, and the modern one on the Wharf, both thrusting out into the sea with splendid views up and down the coast, will create counter balancing pulls along the Quay which itself will become lively and populated with people seeking to reach one pleasure haven or the other. Outdoor recreation is concentrated on the Sea Frontier in the public open space between the high apartment buildings. This area has been chosen because it is most easily accessible by car or on foot from anywhere in the project and because it makes the enjoyment and exposure to the sea available to the widest numbers of people without blocking off the water from the housing behind it.



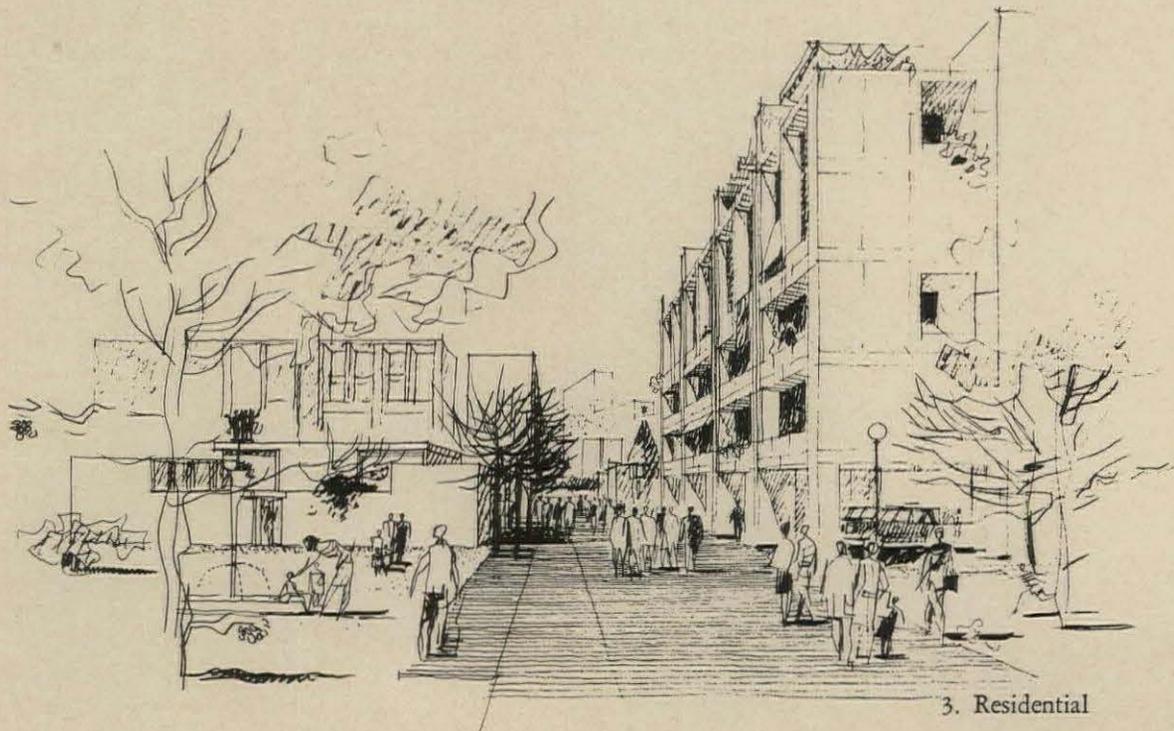
The Core as Superspace



1. Recreational



2. Office Buildings



3. Residential

Office Buildings Non-local Shopping

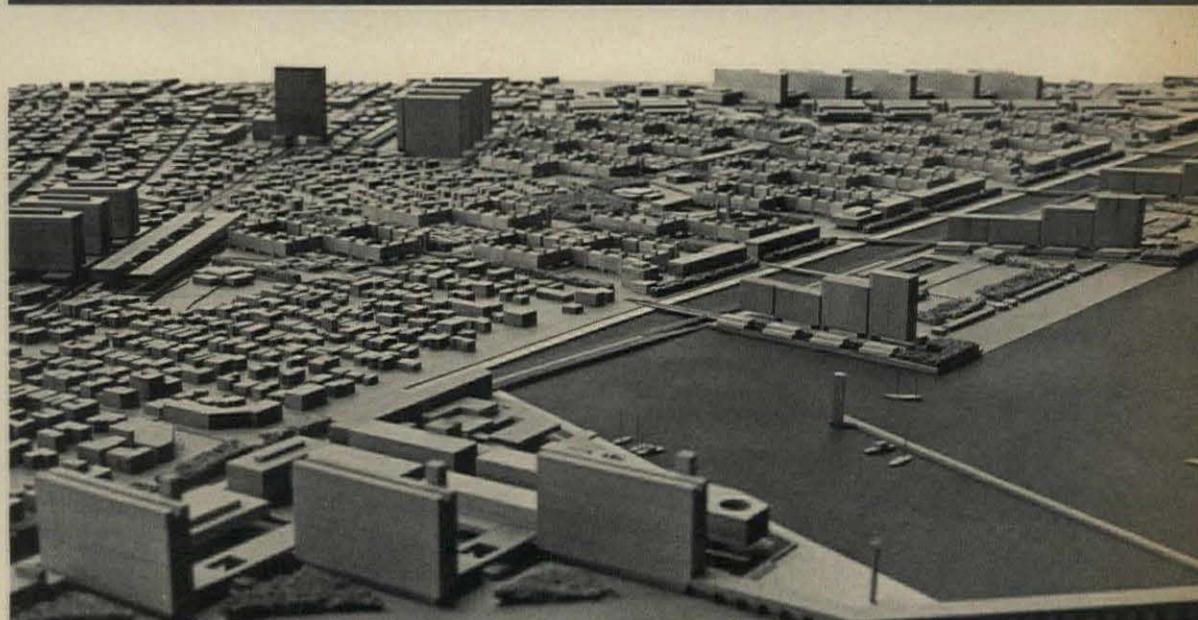
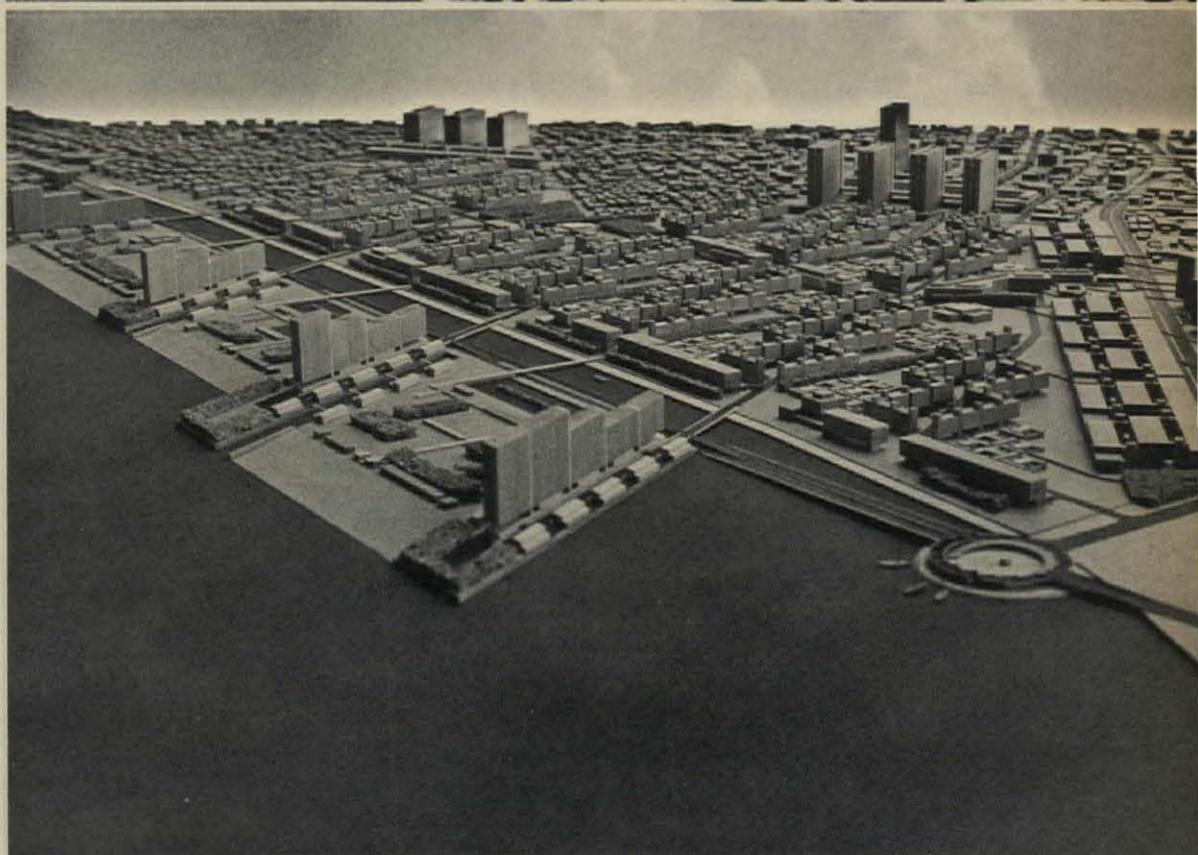
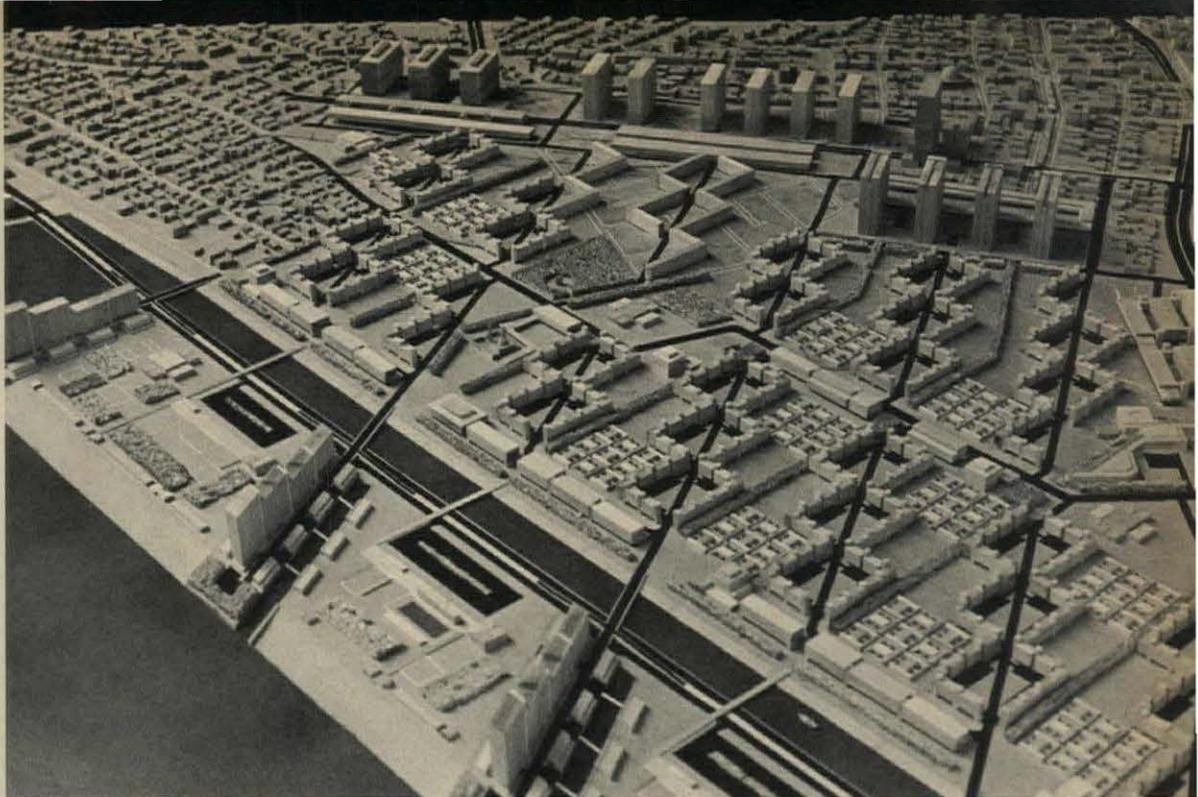
The disposition of the office buildings is at the heart of the scheme. They frame the extended structure, dramatically describing with their greater height a linear town center enfolding like a triangle that calipers the Residential Triangle. Within the present program the office buildings are "seeded" along the two corridor-like extensions of Herzl Street and Yehuda Halevi and on the west side of the newly created Rothschild Plaza with confidence that eventually tall office structures will range the entire length of the two arms of these new streets. Rothschild Plaza at the apex of the Triangle will lengthen the existing business and finance center around the intersection of Rothschild and Yehuda Halevi by creating a focal point in the city for prestige office buildings. Yehuda Halevi Extension will contain the new government office buildings, a high percentage of which are built in an early phase to give initial confidence and length to that side of the project area which is currently the weakest commercially. Speculative office buildings are concentrated at the intersection of Herzl and King George Streets. However some available office space has been made available in low offices near the government buildings.

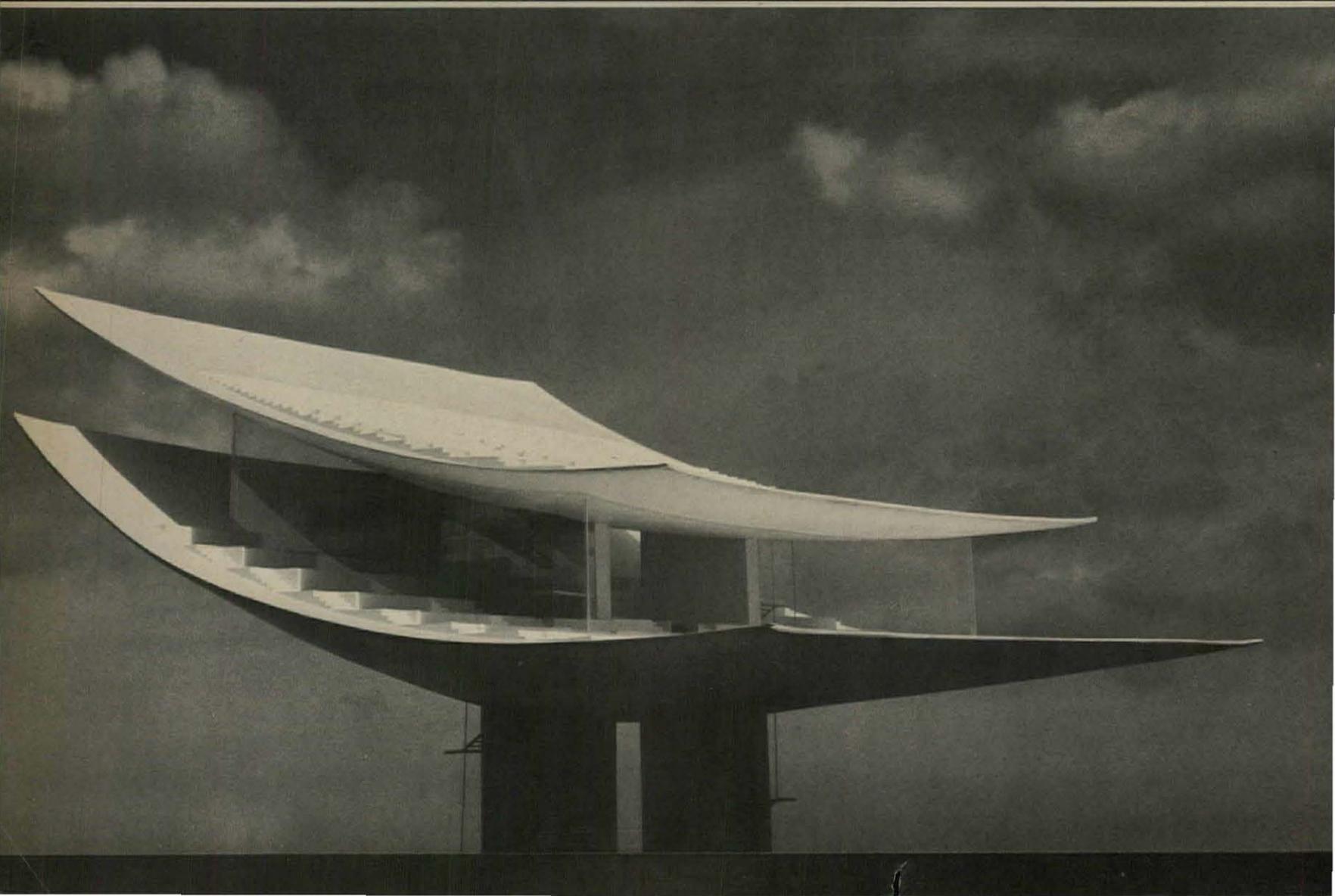
Offices occur in the base of most of the office buildings.

Residential Units Residential Services

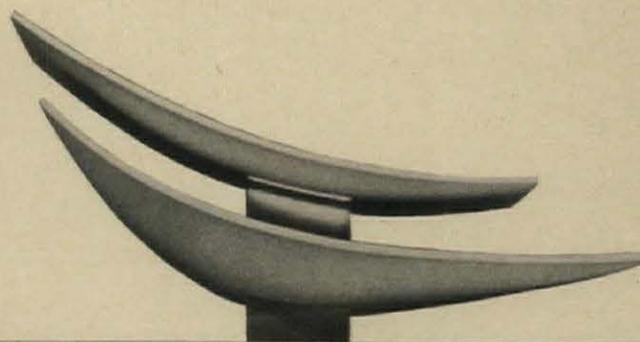
Three thousand units of housing are provided for the Residential Triangle. The majority of these are flats and duplexes in continuous four-story walk-up apartment buildings. Each apartment extends front and back with deep balconies on the garden side away from the street. The buildings are set diagonally along the street in a stair-stepped arrangement which forms natural parking courts and shields the interior open spaces from the street and the street. The oblique streets facing the widening and narrowing of the four-story buildings around the motor courts and the contrasting use of sun baked parking surface on one side and soft non-reflective vegetation on the other would induce air currents through the housing block through each unit. In addition to the apartments, roughly four hundred small one-story court houses have been introduced to provide a bungalow type. These were thought of primarily for young families where children make ground level living preferable.

One thousand of the larger units have been provided for in four elevator-served slab buildings on the reclamation site of the Sea Frontier, and in clusters of row houses grouped at their base (principally along the edge of the canals that parallel the sea). These apartments, with their higher ratio of floor area per dwelling, were thought to be appropriately placed in this location because of ease of accessibility along the highly efficient shore road which links each one directly back to the city. The high narrow form made possible by the elevator allows most of the Sea Frontier to be clear of the sea for public recreational use and only momentarily blocks the view of the sea from the low housing. The services to the residential neighborhoods, the schools and synagogues, clinics and clubs, are distributed evenly through the Triangle, being strung continuously either along the north-south street that bisects the residential roads or along the Quay. Local shopping is provided along both these streets.





ARNE JACOBSEN, ARCHITECT



This restaurant and park reconstruction is on the outskirts of Hanover, Germany, in the historic baroque garden of the former Castle of Herrenhauser, which was destroyed during the last war. The program asked for a new recreational facility for this historically significant setting.

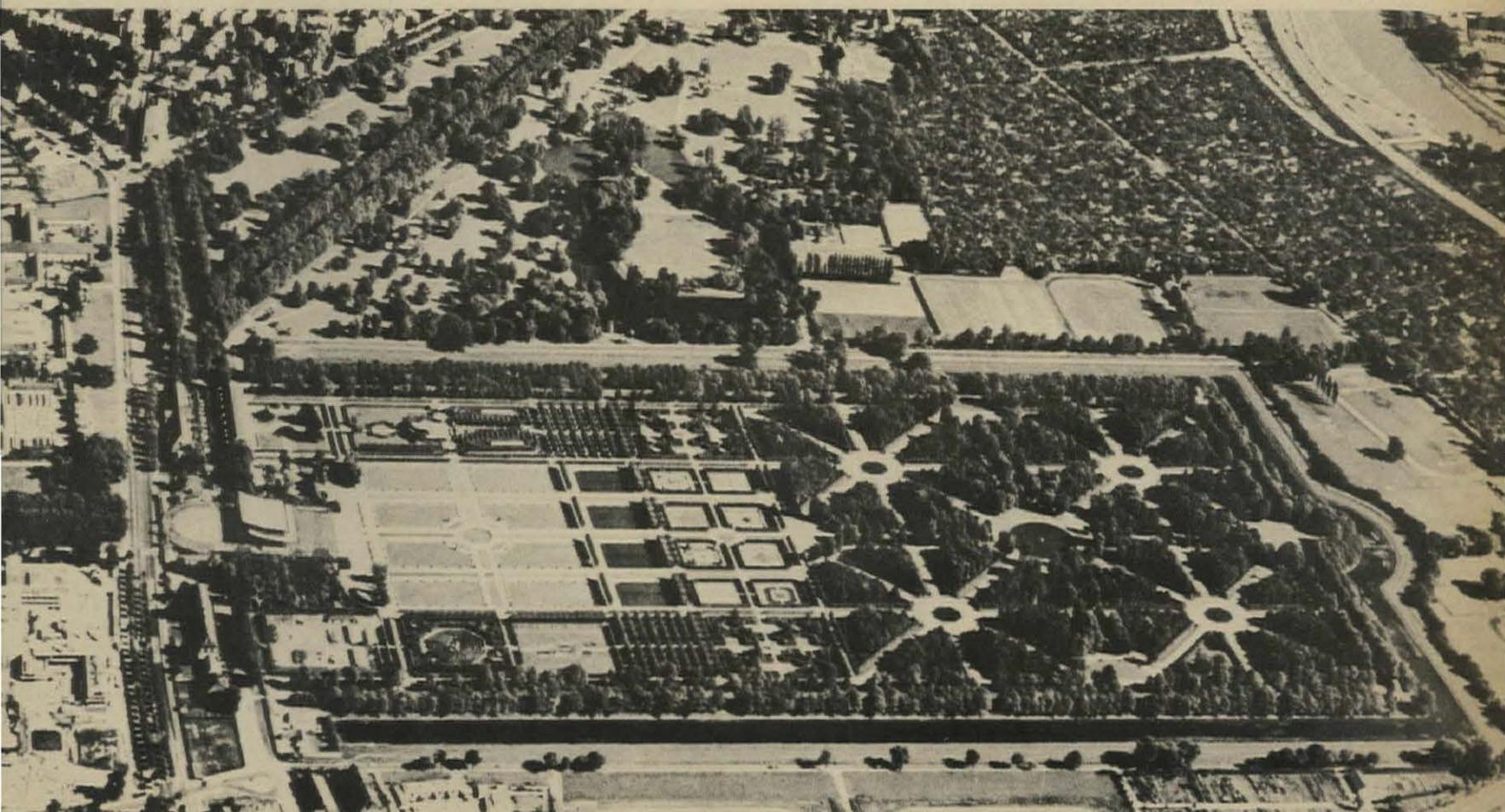
The proposed structure contains an outdoor, self-service restaurant for 700 on the podium at the lower level which is partly under cover; a second restaurant for 350 people at the intermediate, enclosed level; and on top a viewing gallery for 600.

The redevelopment in its basic site arrangement and function approximates the original courtyard of the former castle. The axially oriented main entrance at the Herrenhauser Street creates a visual connection with the four-lane tree-lined avenue of the Hill Garden to the north of the Great Garden ending at a mausoleum.

The podium from which the shell structure rises is reached from the semicircle of the former courtyard by means of a wide stairway, and by virtue of its slightly raised position, offers a panoramic view of the gardens. Wide terraces lead down into the gardens.

The shells are supported by two columns containing elevators; the upper shell contains the viewing stands and at the same time doubles as the roof of the restaurant which is located between the two shells. The restaurant's floor has various levels following the shell form. Beneath the shells is the covered portion of the self-service cafe with tables and chairs extending beyond the sheltered area.

The shells are planned as a steel structure to be covered with a skin of polyester-concrete. Associate architects are Otto Weitling and Christopher Cantz; Folmer Andersen is structural engineer.



music

PETER YATES

THE PROOF OF THE NOTATION—PART II

During the present century, musical notation, as a result of the composers' efforts to adapt it to a continually enlarging scope and opportunity of music, has been constantly changing to both cruder and more refined and more elaborate means, depending on what the composer expects of the performer. If the composer looks to the performer for an exact reproduction of his notated message — the notated composition is not in reality the music but an instructive message to the performer telling him what he should do — the composer is hampered by the inadequacy of any notational convention to convey his message in sufficient detail. Composers and theorists have been spending as much ingenuity in trying to solve this problem as other composers and theorists have spent in former times on, for example, the solution of a correct instrumental temperament. One can predict with fair assurance that the solution will eventuate in a new music with new messages conveyed by new means of communications, which will also adapt some works of our traditional harmonic convention to its new habitual practices.

Some composers (among them Morton Feldman, Christian Wolff, Karl Heinz Stockhausen, Earl Brown, Sylvano Bussotti, Morton Subotnick), but not in all compositions, provide merely a rough chart of their intentions, leaving it to the performer to decide the specific interpretation, or the assembling of parts, or the order in which the pages should be read, or the choice of notes, or the order and grouping of the notes, or the types and kinds of sounds. The resulting composition is both new and old, since it revives for example the Italian *white note* convention or the jazz convention, where the notation serves for the basis of an improvisation, the player supplying by choice out of an agreed idiom the notes or sounds he performs. In such case, notation will be diagrammatic or graphic; a large amount of such music, substituting actual graphs or diagrams for much or all of the notation, is already in existence. The permanent value of such music, as much as survives, will be comparable with that of a *white note* keyboard composition by Alessandro Scarlatti (which scarcely anyone at the present time can perform correctly), or a written composition by one of the already historic jazz composers who didn't expect his written music to be played like it looks, or of any ensemble music requiring realization of the continuo accompaniment (for which most players today substitute common chords and passing notes).

J. S. Bach and Schoenberg held in disdain any "keyboard-rider" who composed at the piano. Wagner's Bechstein piano held a writing-desk, and Stravinsky unabashedly composes at the keyboard. L. M. Gottschalk admired Beethoven's orchestral compositions but not his piano sonatas, which in Gottschalk's opinion lacked the modern refinements of piano-playing added by Liszt, Chopin, Thalberg, and himself. Gottschalk held in low esteem any mere performer of other men's music, if he did not also improvise, compose and vary his compositions in performance. As to that opinion, J. S. Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven would have agreed with him. But Mozart despised in Clementi the type of piano-playing which became the virtuosity of Liszt, Thalberg, and Gottschalk, while Chopin, who admired Liszt's playing, thought poorly of his compositions. David Tudor, the pianist whose creative skills and ingenuity have contributed largely to realizing the more oddly notated and unpredictable piano compositions of the last fifteen years, is a collector and profound admirer of the piano works by Gottschalk.

It is possible that generations of pianists will follow David Tudor in inventing, to the composer's indications, their own performing versions of such music by indicia as John Cage's *Winter Music*, for which any sound obtainable on, in, or by means of any part of a piano is valid, the notation consisting of isolated clusters of notes in irregular location on a page; or Stockhausen's compositions by assembling pages of separately notated parts; or a wide variety of compositions written out as graphs or by graphic or pictorial devices.

Students may begin exploring, with a new sort of musical pleasure, combinations of game and dramatic action with musical performance, such as Robert Ashley's *Maneuvers for Small Hands* in notes, graphic indicia, and brief verbal instructions on 100 separate cards. Roger Reynolds's *The Emperor of Ice Cream* dramatizes a choral and instrumental performance of Wallace Stevens's poem, with pistol shot, bursting paper bag, graphic indicia, and variously written sizes of verbal text, as well as notes. Malcolm Goldstein graphs a vocal score by the rise and fall, size, and visible involutions of the handwritten text, the vocal pitches rising and falling indeterminately with the graphic line within the normal vocal span.

Is the performer, after he has assembled and completed his performing version, or worked out the graphic instructions, the real composer? If so, David Tudor is one of the most potent composers of the new era of sound. But Tudor, like most of those who perform this music, still credit the composition as the work of the composer. Say rather that the composer creates new opportunities for the performer, instead of the customary final statement of his idea completely predetermined in notation, and the performer in turn shares what he has accomplished with his audience. In Cage's spontaneous reply: "Composing's one thing, performing's another, listening's a third. What can they have to do with one another?" The creative-imaginative opportunity is distributed among all participants.

Composers, that is to say, are breaking down the three components of the esthetic experience as we have known it, composition, performance, audience reception, into an indefinite number of distinct experiences. Instead of the notated composition as a completed structure or texture, there may be a succession of individual or composite

sounds heard each for itself. Cage writes of his audibly radical String Quartet: "The composition, a melodic line without accompaniment, employs single tones, intervals, triads, and aggregates requiring one or more of the instruments for their production. These constitute a gamut of sounds." An earlier example is Cage's *Suite for Toy Piano*, using a gamut of nine somewhat arbitrarily pitched tones. The melodic consistency of the tone-row, which Cage had rejected, is replaced by an indeterminate consistency of notated tones. When the line ceases to be melodic, does it cease to be a consistency? At what extreme does this occur? Cage tells us: "A sound does not view itself as thought, as ought, as needing another sound for its elucidation, as etc.; it has no time for any consideration — it is occupied with the performance of its characteristics: before it has died away it must have made perfectly exact its frequency, its loudness, its length, its overtone structure, the precise morphology of these and of itself." A sound may be, within this definition, still a note or a combination of notes; but it may be, instead, a sound which is not a note: a noise, a scrape, a spoken word, an electronically generated or altered pitch or noise, anything indeed which can be heard, or a silence which not being heard is musically resonant or filled with chance sound events. On one occasion when I was listening to such a composed-prepared-enacted silence, during a concert given in a small church, the silence

the degree of skill he can maintain without great effort, and does not wish to make his living by this means. The symphony orchestra as we have known it, in which a few musicians play all the solos while the remainder drudge through season after season of unenlightening routine, may give way to amateur orchestras, in which the back-seat player can take part to the best of his ability, and to smaller groups in which all the players are skilled soloists. (One amateur orchestra, the St. Louis Philharmonic, has been in existence since 1860; the members pay a small fee for the privilege of playing and give four concerts a year).

At this point music-lovers become frightened: what shall we do to preserve our high standards of performance, our Beethoven, our Brahms, our Berlioz, our operas, our ballets, our beloved symphonic and solo repertory? Are our standards really so high, or are they merely rigid? Do players in large orchestras play at all times to the best of their ability, right through to the back seats, or as slackly as they can get away with? In updating our repertory, as we do in any case periodically, do we lose more than we gain?

The change will be gradual, and our ears and minds will make it by necessity — no use worrying about it. The symphony orchestra will not disappear tomorrow; the opera will be around for quite a while. Only a small part of the audience has learned to appreciate the higher skills and standards of soloistic playing in chamber music. But the change is occurring. The ballet is changing already under the influence of contemporary dance, the new dance art created in this century by American women from Isadora Duncan and Maud Allan to Martha Graham, influenced again from abroad by Mary Wigman and combining with the more traditional European dance from Diaghilev to George Balanchine. It is an art not of soloists and a great, static *corps de ballet* but of individual dancers in well-led cooperative groups, a model of what is also happening around us in music. Connoisseurs and dilettantes are always afraid of what they may be losing, devoting themselves to perpetuating the past instead of looking about to discover what is coming to pass.

Temporary certainties vanish. Medieval and renaissance music, using a notation we read but do not correctly interpret, are being rediscovered, widening and increasing our musical awareness, contributing to the fresh creative synthesis that is already occurring, not a Hegelian but an evolutionary synthesis. Oriental, Asiatic, Indian, Indonesian, African music, of many periods and kinds; the cumulative influence of our recent perception of the true nature of folk music; the new experimental music of Europe which responds to the American experimental tradition; the music now coming out of Central and South America and from the Caribbean countries: all these contributions to fresh modes of conceiving and of hearing music are coming together like a great wave gathering, urging music forward.

Technical problems, notation among them, will solve themselves as the new musical period we have entered, like it or not, gains impetus. We are at the inception of a new musical orientation, like the change from polyphony to harmony at the start of the seventeenth century, with new content, new idioms, new styles, and new routines, and new experiences that will sharpen and increase our musical perception. Amateur musicians may again become as skilled as the amateur singers and instrumentalists of the madrigal period. Our pleasure in music is our ability to share in it; skills of performance follow the composer, comprehension follows listening. This is an extraordinary time in an art which by custom and habituation clings to its traditions. Today as never before, or not since the later sixteenth century, tradition is being reassessed and much of it rejected. To catch inspiration we shall find a "new, expedient means."

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theater

BYRON PUMPHREY

Wonderful title. Lousy play. That about sums up my opinion of *The Owl and the Pussycat*, the Broadway comedy success by Bill Manhoff which delighted audiences at the Huntington Hartford recently.

Mr. Manhoff had an idea by the tail when he thought of this two-character comedy about a writer devoted strictly to the intellectual life becoming involved with a Negro girl who turns a trick or two now and then, but sees herself as a model and an actress. I don't recall now just what experience she had as a model, but her experience as an actress was limited to one television commercial. The playwright (anyone who gets a play produced on Broadway is automatically considered one) has had a lot of experience in writing television comedies, as the manner in which he developed what could have been a pretty funny play all too plainly shows.

The first act is passable, even though Mr. Manhoff starts off on the wrong foot. He asks me to accept as a writer a guy who has called the landlord to inform him that the girl is taking on clients in her apartment. This incident is illustrative of the phoniness and synthetic construction of character and action that mark the play throughout. When in real life or in fiction did a writer, published or unpublished, inform on a prostitute? Insofar as I know, Mr. Manhoff's is the first fictional violation of the diplomatic relations that have always obtained between the two professions and let us hope that it will never happen at all in actual practice.

The first act ends with the writer giving up an ineffectual struggle to go to sleep on his living room divan and going to the bedroom. There, it has been made evident, he is sure to be warmly received. Thus does Mr. Manhoff score his point that wisdom is helpless against the allures of the pussycat. The author succeeds marvelously in going nowhere after the curtain has fallen on Act I, but he drags what is, as written, essentially a one-act play through two more acts. In stretching it out, he only underscores that his "writer" is a hopeless jerk. The girl has been rewritten with quite a bit of charm and sense—with far too much, in fact, to make one believe that she could put up for more than one night with such a yaphead.

When not simply inane, the dialogue that takes place in Acts II and III is tasteless and vulgar and the action, if anything, worse than those situation comedies in which the writer is in doubt about what to cook up next. That the audience was vastly amused only goes to show how television has eroded its taste. There are elements in Mr. Manhoff's play that reminded me of *One Hundred Dollar Misunderstanding*, the novel by Robert Gover, but the gap between the honesty with which Mr. Gover created his work and Mr. Manhoff created his is as wide as the Grand Canyon.

Eartha Kitt played the girl with more vivacity and charm than was inherent in the role itself and Russell Nyp was the hapless victim of the other part. Leonard Auerbach directed. Scenery and lighting was by the celebrated Jo Mielziner.

Arthur Miller's *Incident at Vichy*, which played the Huntington Hartford just prior to *The Owl and the Pussycat*, has the quality of a good television drama back in what is fondly recalled as "the golden age of television" (1954-59), when all those live shows written by such now recognized writers as Paddy Chayefsky, Reginald Rose, Frank Gilroy, and Gore Vidal were being broadcast from New York. As a play for the sixties it says nothing new and the characters Mr. Miller has drawn are merely well developed stereotypes. Those with whom he is chiefly concerned are a Jewish psychoanalyst and an Austrian prince, played by Joseph Wiseman and Jean Pierre Aumont, respectively. Others being detained by the Nazis to determine whether they are Jews include a painter, an electrician, a businessman, an actor, and a gypsy.

As one might expect, Miller says what he has to say effectively. He shows one a group of terribly frightened individuals who are unable to act collectively to save their skins because most of them cling desperately to the illusion that the Nazis will decide their cases on an individual basis; that, individually, each stands a better chance of

being the one allowed to go free. The one defending this illusion most ardently is the actor. Having played in Germany, he argues that such cultured people could never do such an incredibly inhuman thing as to consign people to be incinerated alive. To this the weary prince, or perhaps it was the doctor, replies: "That is their power; to do the inconceivably vile."

In the person of the prince, Miller shows one all that was best in the old, cultured European aristocracy with its humane values, its chivalry, and high sense of responsibility. But granting the fine calibre of Von Berg, would he have risked giving Dr. Leduc his own pass to freedom—to such freedom, that is, as remained in France under the Nazi regime. The incident does not altogether convince me. And that the prince made this sacrifice after listening to long harangues by Dr. Leduc on Freudian psychology makes it, so far as I am concerned, even more doubtful. I should say that not only was Miller taking too romantic a view of his aristocrat, but also of the power of Freudian arguments to move the heart. He establishes, at any rate, through the prince, the gypsy, and the others under detention, that the Nazis were against all values; that they were out to eradicate every human impulse to kindness and brotherhood. But we know all this and we go along with all Miller has to say about it. That, basically, is why *Incident at Vichy* is a disappointing play. A major dramatist has given us a competent, skillful piece of craftsmanship, but intellectually and emotionally we've all been there before.

It may be, however, that Miller was trying to evoke deeper responses in us. His dramatis personae includes an Old Jew who never speaks a line. He is unmistakably Jewish. Clothes, hat, and beard all proclaim it. And though he never speaks, his facial expressions, his eye movements, and his posture say a great deal. But what? A silent symbol of what? His dignity never deserts him, not even when the Nazis carry him bodily away. He accepts his identity fully and proudly. And the others all but ignore him. Indeed, they are a little embarrassed by his presence. These two figures, the Old Jew and the prince, each of them deeply conscious of their respective traditions, may have been meant to serve some dramatic purpose beyond what is voiced. If so, it is lost in material unleavened by the quality that could give them the significance and dramatic impact that was intended. In the instance of the Old Jew, the kind of impact, say, that Uncle Ben had in *The Death of a Salesman*.

Jean Pierre Aumont's prince was a superlative dramatic portrait and Will Lee's Old Jew equally so. Although Joseph Wiseman created the role of Dr. Leduc in the Lincoln Center production of the play, his performance here gave me the impression that he was still trying to find his character's real personality. As the German major in charge of the detention center, Roy R. Scheider had the task of mirroring the conflict between the ethics of a professional soldier and the bestial requirements of the Nazis. He resolves it by turning himself into a beast. A very good performance in which one sees a man yield himself wholly to the corrosive influences surrounding him. Impressive, too, were John Vari as the actor and Tony Lo Bianco as the electrician. Lee, Vari, and Lo Bianco were also members of the original Lincoln Center cast.

Harold Clurman directed the cast of 21 actors for this James A. Doolittle production. Like Miller's play, it was a competent piece of work, but Mr. Clurman added nothing that lifted it above that mark. As you probably know, Mr. Clurman also directed the Lincoln Center production.

In presenting his own production of *Incident at Vichy* with as many of the original cast, apparently, as were available, and under Clurman's direction, Mr. Doolittle continues to carry out a policy designed to bring to Los Angeles theatergoers significant as well as entertaining plays. While I respect this intention, I wish he were less Broadway oriented or, in this instance, less Lincoln-centered. I look hopefully forward to the day when something fresh and original has, not its West Coast premiere at the Huntington Hartford, but its world premiere there.

The gayest, most amusing show I've seen so far this season is *The Amorous Flea*, an off-Broadway musical hit based on Moliere's *School for Wives*. Moliere's plot, faithfully followed by Jerry Devine's book, is paper thin. Without going into detail, it concerns a would-be hus-

band obsessed by the fear of being cuckolded after marriage. Having taken every precaution to preserve the virginity of his ward before marriage, he also has laid plans to keep her ever faithful after, but his plans go delightfully awry before the appointed wedding day.

Moliere's merry dialogue is given full effect by Lew Parker as Arnolphe, Imelda De Martin as his intended and Jack Fletcher and Ceil Cabot as his servants. In good support of these are Philip Proctor as the girl's lover and M. G. Harris as the lad's father. Frank Parker appears as Chrysalde and Bob Hopper as Enrique. It is mainly Lew Parker's show and if he has missed any comic effects in his characterization of Arnolphe I would be at a loss to say what they were. Personally, I would nominate him as a guest artist for the Comedie-Francaise. In the supporting role of his servant, Alain, Jack Fletcher presses him hard for honors.

As for the musical numbers, they are, on the whole, pleasant but undistinguished. My favorites, with the singers thereof indicated, are: "All About Me" (Lew Parker); "Man is Man's Best Friend" (Lew Parker and Mr. Proctor); "The Other Side of the Wall" (Miss De Martin); and "When Time Takes Your Hand" (Frank Parker). Music and lyrics are by Bruce Montgomery.

The Amorous Flea was produced by David Shelley and William Trinz and directed by Mr. Devine. Other credits include musical direction by David Hubler; costumes by Donald Brooks; and choreography by Thom Molinaro.

Although I respect Stephen Brown and John Harding for producing an original play at their Stage Society theater, I regret that their selection was not a better one. *Oasis in Manhattan* starts off with the promise of being one of those warm, ethnic comedies that leaves one as pleasantly satisfied as a good meal at a restaurant specializing in some foreign cuisine. Its action centers around a Lebanese father and his two daughters. Acts II and III, however, are a compendium of about every dramatic cliché in the book. Olga wants to marry a Jewish boy and her younger sister, Miriam, is dating an Irishman. The Old Man gets sick and takes to bed and the Jewish mother feigns a heart attack. Everyone upset, disturbed, and having an emotional binge along entirely predictable (like the dialog) lines. All ends happily with the Old Man saying, "Call the priest," and the Jewish mother saying, "Call the rabbi," when the parental blessings for the marriage are finally given.

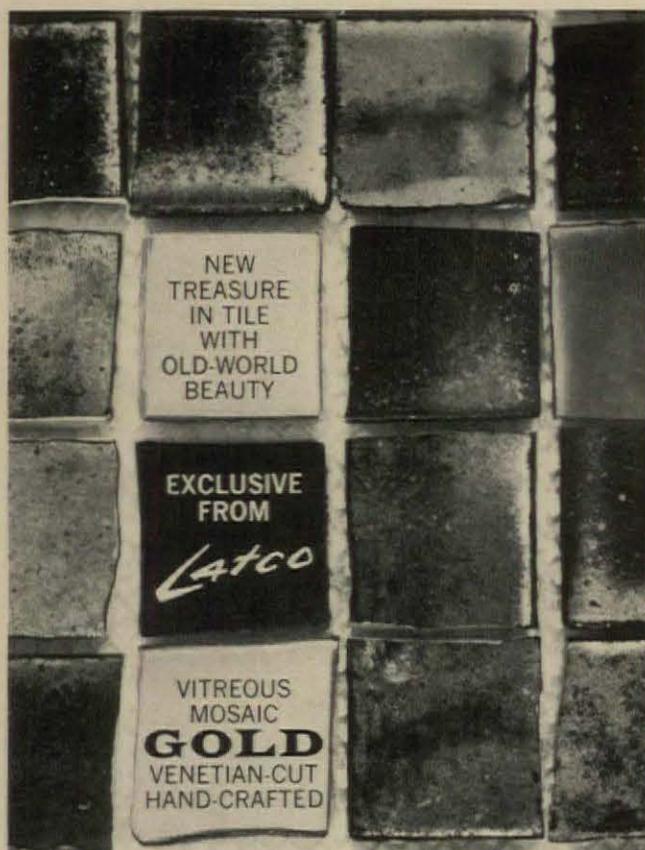
The acting pretty much matched the too pat material, but Athena Lorde as the harried conscientious mother made one feel the presence of a real person up there on the stage and Bibi Boles gave a splendid performance in the role of her teen-age daughter. Stephen Cory as the Irish lad, Alan Reed, Jr., as the prospective bridegroom, and Buck Kartalian as a hen-pecked Uncle did well. Alan Reed mugged, roared, and stomped about in the star role of the father and Magda Harout played the dominating Aunt. In minor parts were Bill Striglos, Fred Festinger, Rita Blau, Vic Tayback, and Burton Hendrickson. *Oasis* was directed by Mesrop Kesdekian, with set design by J. C. Mula and lighting by John McElveney.

Over at the Valley Music Theater, where they are now doing everything from *Medea* to *Dial M for Murder*, I caught the latter play, a grimly amusing murder thriller with a superb cast. My enjoyment chiefly was in watching such adept actors as Maurice Evans, Phyllis Avery, and Murray Matheson in their respective role. Evans played the charming rotter of a husband who planned to do his wife in and Miss Avery was in the role of the unsuspecting victim. Mr. Matheson's detective was an uncommonly funny fellow and the entire cast contributed smoothly to the unfolding of the plot. Edward Ludlum directed the play impeccably.

The plays I have dealt with constitute a fair sampling of the professional theater as it exists in Los Angeles so far this season. One can hardly say that it is making any great strides forward.

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